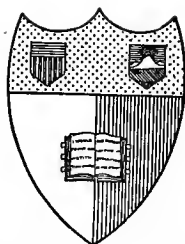


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ROBERT HERRICK  
WITH DRAWINGS BY EDWIN  
A. ABBEY

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*Robert Herrick.*





selections from  
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Robert Herrick  
with Drawings by  
Edwin A. Abbey

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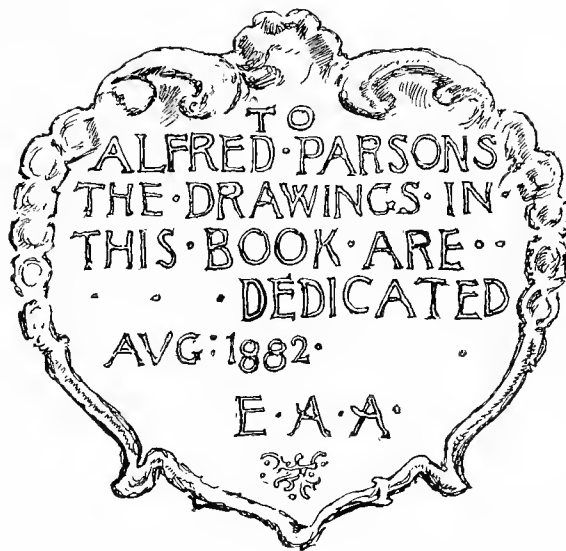
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Chloris Walking in the Snow is taken from Wits Recreation of 1640. Grosart, in his edition of Herrick in 1876, rejects this poem, and states as his reason that there are no less than 62 pieces common to Wits Recreation and the Hesperides, and from this fact he believes that Herrick instructed his publisher to take the poems of his composition in Wits Recreation for the Hesperides, and that this was not copied denotes definitely that Herrick was not the writer of it.

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## Preface.



**L**E rêve de la vie champêtre"—as Georges Sand *has said compactly in the delightful Mare au Diable*—"a été de tout temps l'idéal des villes." *Deny it as we may, we have all had, or must have it,—that fever of the fields. We may prate with Captain Morris of our shaded Pall Mall; we may hug ourselves with Lamb on the "sweet security of streets"; we may romance at large upon the liberties of locomotion and the merits of the morning paper; but to each and all of us, the young, the old—and even the middle-aged—has come or will come, to-day or to-morrow, that hunger for the hills and woods,—that craving for country scenes and sights. Old places that we never noted, old things that we never remember to have forgotten, flash suddenly "upon our inward eye," and crowd back "into our study of imagination." Where was it that we saw those three little ducks huddling together in the sunlight, by what forgotten farm door, at whose porch a convolvulus climbed over a laurel?—where that shaggy and loose-limbed mare, whose foal lay rolling in the grass? We never seem to have regarded that "cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies," and yet here they are, in black and scarlet, dancing like Wordsworth's daffodils. And where is that hedge of meadow-sweet and dog-rose, with the mower's jacket and stone-bottle and watchful terrier which lie so distinctly on our retina? Old groups*

*groups of cattle under trees whose shadows lengthen on the slopes; old dusty teams led tinkling to the water; little bridges by mills where the stream comes rushing blackly from sombre under-channels; gray quarries where the sand-martins have honey-combed the chalk; willowy hollows and restful river-banks where the "very fearful" chub lie unsuspecting at the surface; roofs rusted with lichen, and crested with house-leek, where processional pigeons "most do congregate"; cottages with their round wells, and homely door-settles, and honest garden-flowers—their marjoram, and peony, and pink, and marygold; all these troop back disorderly, confusedly, when we yield ourselves captive to the whim and the hour. As the vision is the more unreasonable, as the time is the more ill-timed, the more complete is our surrender. By and by, humanity, too, slips slowly into our ken. And at this stage we are conscious of a certain obliquity—a certain dishonesty—in our mental photography: it is not the "horn-handed breaker of the glebe," still less the agricultural labourer of the blue-books, who people our solitudes. It is the peasant of the artist, in his spotless smock and picturesque wideawake, with his apple cheeked spouse and his white-haired children. Or it is that pastoral personage of the poets, who never lived but in the Nomansland of Arcadian unreality where, as some one said, "peers of the realm pipe on rocks, in velvet pantaloons." It is "neat-handed Phyllis" with her savoury messes; it is winsome Amaryllis; it is Thestylis binding the sheaves with Corydon beside her; it is Doris, and Chloris, and Lalage, and the rest. We are deceived, and we wish to be so; we are the victims of an amiable insanity; we are stirred by that pristine Pan whose mark we have all of us somewhere about us, like the sharp ear-tip in the Faun of Praxiteles. "Le rêve de la vie champêtre a été de tout temps l'idéal des villes."*

*In*

*In such a mingling of memory and fancy, in such a mood ungratified, there is no better companion than that old poet of the Seventeenth Century who wandered in his Devon lanes at May-time, and sang, in "cleanly-wantonnesse" and golden-hearted words, of Julia and Corinna. With Herrick we become spectators of a country-life which time has "softly moulded in the filmy blue" of doubtfullest remoteness, and over which his poetry has cast its inalienable—its imperishable charm. With him we walk about our*

*"owne dear bounds*

*Not envying others larger grounds"  
and watch*

*"a present God-like Power  
Imprinted in each Herbe and Flower :  
And smell the breath of great-ey'd Kine,  
Sweet as the blossomes of the Vine."*

*With him we behold the*

*"large sleek Neat  
Unto the Dew-laps up in meat :"*

*or*

*"view the flocks  
Of sheep, (safe from the Wolfe and Fox)  
And find their bellies there as full  
Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool."*

*With him we eat "Tarts and Custards" at Wakes ; with him we linger at May-poles and Morris-dances, at "Shecring-feasts" and Mummeries, at Hock-carts and "Barly-Breaks" ; we revel with him at "Twelfe-tide" and "Christmas," and share the*

*"Nut-browne mirth, the Russet wit,"*

*where*

*"no man payes too deare for it."*

*With him, lest coy maids should see goblins, we tear down the misletoe and holly on Candlemas eve ; and spread, at  
Whitsuntide,*

Whitsuntide, with green rushes and "sweetest Bents," the new adorned house. "When the Rose raignes,"—when, (it may be), he has quaffed a health to Ovid or Catullus, and the

"immensive cup

Of *Aromatike* wine "

has cast a classic haze over his English eye-sight, we join our voices to his, and sing of kisses and "True-love knots," of "cherry lips" and

"Cheeks like Creame Enclarited."

We sigh with him

"as Lovers do :

And talk of Brides ; & who shall make  
This wedding-smock, this Bridal-Cake  
That Dress, this Sprig, that Leaf, this Vine ;  
That smooth and silken Columbine.  
This done, we draw lots, who shall buy  
And guild the Baies and Rosemary :  
What Posies for our Wedding Rings ;  
What gloves we'll give, and Ribanings :  
And smiling at our selves, decree,  
Who then the joyning *Priest* shall be.  
What short sweet Prayers shall be said ;  
And how the Posset shall be made  
With cream of Lillies (not of Kine)  
And *Maiden's-blush*, for spiced wine."

We are never tired of hearing him sing of *Julia's dress* and its "brave *Vibration*," of her "handsome *Anger*," of her "*Lawnes*" and "*Tiffanies*," her "haire fill'd with *Dew*" and her "*Quarelets of Pearl*." Nor is it any defect in this delightful lyrist that (as *Horace* before him) he sings with equal gust of *Dianemé* and *Perenna*, of *Electra* and *Anthea*, or of the three "dainty *Destinies*," who weave his "*Armilet*." And now again we take part in that fairy service of *King Oberon*, where stands

"Just



“Just in the middle of the Altar  
Upon an end, the *Fairie-Psalter*,  
Grac’t with the Trout-flies curious wings”;

*and where*

“Hard by, i’t h’shell of halfe a nut,  
The holy-water there is put”;

*or we assist at those pretty pagan hymnlets where he vows  
“Daffadills” to Bacchus, or a peacock to Juno, or a  
“broad-fact Owle” to Minerva. Or we listen to him when,  
in those divinest lines, he bids a bride come on,*

“and yeeld

A savour like unto a blessed field,  
When the bedabled Morne  
Washes the golden eares of corne”;

*or prays to music to “becalme his Fever,”—to*

“Fall on him like a silent dew,  
Or like those Maiden showrs,  
Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew  
A Baptime o’re the flowers.”

*But in the mood with which this paragraph began, it is chiefly  
as the fresh singer of the country-life, that we prize and  
praise him most. He fits our whim by his clear and lucid  
vision of natural objects, and he peoples his landscapes with  
figures that we would see, if we could, and know, if it might  
be. He adds too that, which, without him, our unspeculative  
eyes might seek in vain,—*

“the light that never was, on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the Poet’s dream.”

*And here it is necessary to justify a certain air  
of partiality in the series of poems to which these words  
are prefatory. To find in Herrick but the idyllic and the  
amorous,—to see in him no more than the bard of those*

“unbaptized Rhimes  
Writ in his wild unhallowed Times,”—

*is*

*is to forget (as it cannot but seem) his graver and austerer Muse,—to lose in the apple-orchards of the Hesperides the vesper-chiming of the Noble Numbers. Such a forgetfulness, however,—such a profane misliking, is far from those to whom this gathering is due. If they have forborne to tread the dim aisles where “the pealing organ blows,” and lingered rather among the deep grasses and zigzag fruit-tree-arms,—if their motto has been rather “leviore plectro” than “At a solemn Musick,” it is because their humour has been more often gay than grave, and that it is in their “trop lasche oysifveté” that they have read their Poet. Hence, in this their garland, they make no claim to have exhausted all the flower-beds. They do not pretend to be representative, or eclectic, or chronological—or even æsthetic! If any outline or vision of a plan may be said to have affected them, it has been to lean somewhat to those pieces which deal with the rustic pictures, the old-world pleasures, the simple folk-lore of an earlier and less progress-ridden England. But even to admit this, is to admit too much. Such an anthology as might grow up in a painter’s studio, where, through some sunny afternoon, one reads aloud while the other works, would be the fittest image of the present selection. Suppose afterwards that the whole were printed together—the pictures which were drawn, the poems which were read, and the volume before the reader is sufficiently explained. To explain it more fully or more precisely would be to detain him needlessly—nay even discourteously, from the dainties before him. For who but an Ancient Mariner would button-hole a bidden guest where the host is ROBERT HERRICK!*

*Austin Dobson.*



TO HIS MUSE.

W<sup>HITHER</sup> Mad maiden wilt thou roame?  
Farre safer 'twere to stay at home :  
Where thou mayst sit, and piping please  
The poore and private *Cottages*.  
Since *Coats*, and *Hamlets*, best agree  
With this thy meaner Minstralsie.  
There with the Reed, thou mayst expresse  
The Shepherds Fleecie happinesse :  
And with thy *Eclogues* intermixe  
Some smooth, and harmlesse *Beucolicks*.  
There on a Hillock thou mayst sing  
Unto a handsome Shephardling ;  
Or to a Girle (that keeps the Neat)  
With breath more sweet than Violet.  
There, there, (perhaps) such Lines as These  
May take the simple *Villages*.  
But for the Court, the Country wit  
Is despicable unto it.  
Stay then at home, and doe not goe  
Or flie abroad to seeke for woe.  
Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell ;  
No *Critick* haunts the Poore mans Cell.  
Where thou mayst hear thine own Lines read  
By no one tongue, there, censured.  
That man's unwise will search for Ill,  
And may prevent it, sitting still.



To his Muse







### THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.

**I** Sing of *Brooks*, of *Blossomes*, *Birds*, and *Bowers* :  
 Of *April*, *May*, of *June*, and *July-Flowers*.  
 I sing of *May-poles*, *Hock-carts*. *Waffails*, *Wakes*,  
 Of *Bride-grooms*, *Brides*, and of their *Bridall-cakes*.  
 I write of *Youth*, of *Love*, and have *Accesse*  
 By these, to sing of cleanly-*Wantoneffe*.  
 I sing of *Dewes*, of *Raines*, and piece by piece  
 Of *Balme*, of *Oyle*, of *Spice*, and *Amber-Greece*.  
 I sing of *Times trans-shifting* ; and I write  
 How *Roses* first came *Red*, and *Lillies White*.  
 I write of *Groves*, of *Twilights*, and I sing  
 The Court of *Mab*, and of the *Fairie-King*.  
 I write of *Hell* ; I sing (and ever shall)  
 Of *Heaven*, and hope to have it after all.



A BYCOLICK or  
DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS

1 Come blithe-foll Neatherds let vs lay  
A wager who the best shall play  
Of thee or I the roundelay  
That fits the byfinesse of the daye



For And I charge the Iudge shall be,  
To giue the prize to thee, or me

2 Content, begin and I will bee  
A Heifer smooth, and black as jet  
In euerie part alike compleat  
And wanton as a Kid as yee



*A BEUCOLICK,  
OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS.*

<sup>1</sup> *C*OME blithefull Neatherds, let us lay  
A wager, who the best shall play,  
Of thee, or I, the Roundelay,  
That fits the businesse of the Day.

*Chor.* And *Lallage* the Judge shall be,  
To give the prize to thee, or me.

<sup>2</sup> Content, begin, and I will bet  
A Heifer smooth, and black as jet,  
In every part alike compleat,  
And wanton as a Kid as yet.

*Chor.* And *Lallage* (with cow-like eyes)  
Shall be Disposeresse of the prize.

<sup>1</sup> Against thy Heifer, I will here  
Lay to thy stake a lustie Steere,  
With gilded hornes, and burnisht cleere.

*Chor.* Why then begin, and let us heare  
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note  
That gently purles from eithers Oat.

<sup>2</sup> The stakes are laid : let's now apply  
Each one to make his melody :

*Lal.* The equall Umpire shall be I,  
Who'l hear, and so judge righteously.

*Chor.* Much time is spent in prate ; begin,  
And sooner play, the sooner win.

[*He playes.*]

- [*He playes.*]
- 1 That's sweetly touch't, I must confesse :  
 Thou art a man of worthinesse :  
 But hark how I can now expresse  
 My love unto my Neatherdesse.
- [*He sings.*]
- Chor.* A suger'd note ! and sound as sweet  
 As Kine, when they at milking meet.
- 4 Now for to win thy Heifer faire,  
 I'le strike thee such a nimble Ayre,  
 That thou shalt say (thy selfe) 'tis rare ;  
 And title me without compare.
- Chor.* Lay by a while your Pipes, and rest,  
 Since both have here deserved best.
- 2 To get thy Steerling, once again,  
 I'le play thee such another strain ;  
 That thou shalt swear, my Pipe do's raigne  
 Over thine Oat, as Sovereigne.
- [*He sings.*]
- Chor.* And *Lallage* shall tell by this,  
 Whose now the prize and wager is.
- 1 Give me the prize :    2. The day is mine :  
 1 Not so ; my Pipe has silenc't thine :  
 And hadst thou wager'd twenty Kine,  
 They were mine own.    *Lal.* In love combine.
- Chor.* And lay we down our Pipes together,  
 As wearie, not o'recome by either.

*Chor.* And Lallage, with cowlike eyes,  
Shall be disposers of the prize.



Against thy offer I will hear  
Lay to thy stake a lvsie Speere  
With gilded horns and burnished cleere.







*Chor.* Why then begin, and let us hear  
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note  
That gently purles from either oar.



*2* The flasks are laid: let's now apply  
Each one to make his melody;



*Lal.* The, evall umpire shall be I:  
Who'll hear and so judge righteovfly

*Chor.* Much time is spent in prat; begin  
And sooner play, the sooner win  
[The players]





1 That's sweetly touch't I must confesse;  
Thou art a name of worthinesse;  
But hark how I can now expresse  
My love unto my Neatherdesse

[He sings]

Chor. A fygard noes and fownd as sweete  
As Kine when they at milkinge meet

1 Nowe for to win thy Heifer faire  
He strike thee with a nimble aire  
That thou shalt saye thyselfe, tis rare;  
And title me withovt compare

Chor. Laye by awhile your pipes & rest  
Since both have heere deserved the best

2 To get thy fyerling, once again  
He play thee with another strain  
That thou shalt sweare my pipe do's raigue  
Ouer thine as soveraigne

Chor. And Lallage shall tell by this  
Whose nowe the prize and wager is





1 Give me the prize:  
 2 The daye is mine:  
 1 Not so; my pipe has silenc't thine  
 And hadst thou wagered twenty kine  
 They were mine own  
 Lull. In Ivye combine



Chor And lay we down our pipes together  
 As wearie not overcome by either.







*TO BLOSSOMS.*

**F***FAIRE* pledges of a fruitfull Tree,  
Why do yee fall so fast ?  
Your date is not so past ;  
But you may stay yet here a while,  
To blush and gently smile ;  
And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be  
An houre or half's delight ;  
And so to bid goodnight ?  
Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth  
Meerly to shew your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely Leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'r so brave :  
And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you a while : They glide  
Into the Grave.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND  
HIM ANY THING.

**B**ID me live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant to be ;  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free,  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart Ile give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
To honour thy Decree :  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
And't shall doe so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,  
While I have eyes to see :  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire,  
Under that *Cypresse* tree :  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me :  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.





A SHORT HYMNE

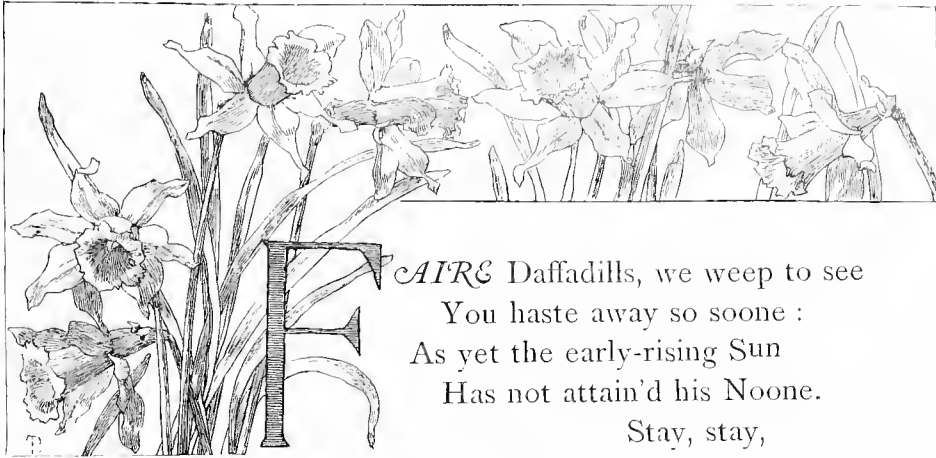
TO

VENUS

Goddesse, I do loue a girle  
Rubic-lipt and tooth'd with pearle.  
If so be I may hvt proue  
Luckie in this Maide I loue;  
I will promise there shall be  
Mirtles offer'd vp to thee.



TO DAFFADILLS.



**F**AIRÉ Daffadills, we weep to see  
You haste away so soone :  
As yet the early-rising Sun  
Has not attain'd his Noone.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the Even-song ;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will goe with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a Spring ;  
As quick a growth to meet Decay,  
As you, or any thing.  
We die,  
As your hours doe, and drie  
Away,  
Like to the Summers raine ;  
Or as the pearles of Mornings dew  
Ne'r to be found againe.

LOVE WHAT IT IS.

**L**OVE is a circle that doth restlesse move  
In the same sweet eternity of love.

*DELIGHT IN DISORDER.*

*A* Sweet disorder in the dresse  
Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse :  
A Lawne about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction :  
An erring Lace, which here and there  
Enthralls the Crimson Stomacher :  
A Cuffe neglectfull, and thereby  
Ribbands to flow confusedly :  
A winning wave (deserving Note)  
In the tempestuous petticoat :  
A careless shoos-string, in whose tie  
I see a wilde civility :  
Doe more bewitch me, then when Art  
Is too precise in every part.

*A SHORT HYMNE TO VENUS.*

*G*ODDESSE, I do love a Girle  
Rubic-lipt, and tooth'd with *Pearl* :  
If so be, I may but prove  
Luckie in this Maide I love :  
I will promise there shall be  
*Mirtles* offer'd up to Thee.

*NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY.*

*N*O man such rare parts hath, that he can swim,  
If favour or occasion helpe not him.



Delight in Disorder.







*HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.*

**H**ERE, here I live with what my Board,  
Can with the smallest cost afford.  
Though ne'r so mean the Viands be,  
They well content my *Prew* and me.  
Or Pea, or Bean, or Wort, or Beet,  
What ever comes, content makes sweet :  
Here we rejoyce, because no Rent  
We pay for our poore Tenement :  
Wherein we rest, and never feare  
The Landlord, or the Usurer.  
The Quarter-day do's ne'r affright  
Our Peacefull slumbers in the night.  
We eate our own, and batten more,  
Because we feed on no mans score :  
But pitie those, whose flanks grow great,  
Swel'd with the Lard of others meat.  
We blesse our Fortunes, when we see  
Our own beloved privacie :  
And like our living, where w'are known  
To very few, or else to none.

UPON PARSON BEANES.

**O**LD Parson *Beanes* hunts six dayes of the week,  
And on the seaventh, he has his Notes to seek.  
Six dayes he hollows so much breath away,  
That on the seaventh, he can nor preach, or pray.

TO A BED OF TULIPS.

**B**RIGHT Tulips, we do know,  
You had your comming hither ;  
And Fading-time do's show,  
That Ye must quickly wither.

Your *Sister-hoods* may stay,  
And smile here for your houre ;  
But dye ye must away :  
Even as the meanest Flower.

Come Virgins then, and see  
Your frailties ; and bemone ye ;  
For lost like these, 'twill be,  
As Time had never known ye.

UPON A VIRGIN KISSING A ROSE.

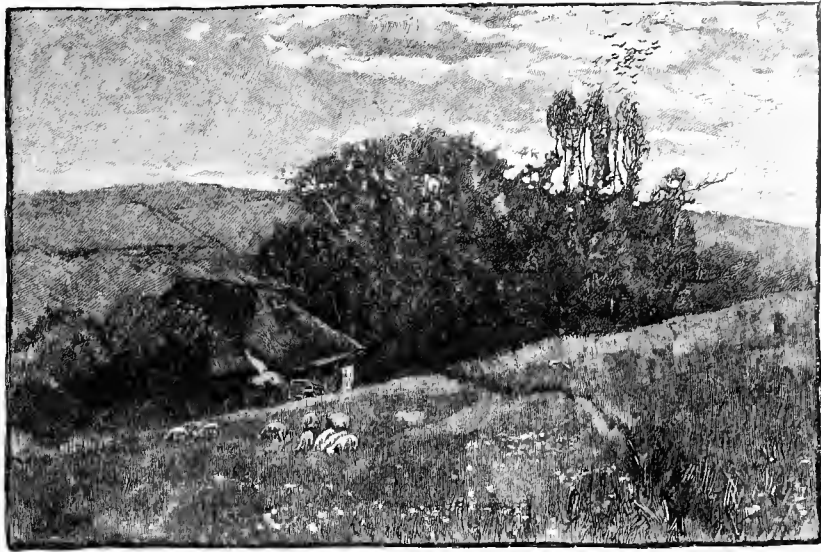
**T**WAS but a single *Rose*,  
Till you on it did breathe ;  
But since (me thinks) it shows  
Not so much *Rose*, as Wreathe.





VPON A VIRGIN KISSING.  
 A ROSE  
 Twas but a single Rose,  
 Till You on It did Breathe;  
 But since, Me thinks, it show  
 Not so much Rose as  
 Wreathes R. Herrick.





*DISCONTENTS IN DEVON.*

*M*ORE discontents I never had  
 Since I was born, then here ;  
 Where I have been, and still am sad,  
 In this dull *Devon-shire* :  
 Yet justly too I must confesse ;  
 I ne'r invented such  
 Ennobled numbers for the Presse,  
 Then where I loath'd so much.

*HIS RETURNE TO LONDON.*

*F*ROM the dull confines of the drooping West,  
 To see the day spring from the pregnant East,  
 Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie  
 To thee, blest place of my Nativitie !  
 Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,

With

With thousand blessings by thy Fortune crown'd.  
 O fruitful Genius ! that bestowes there  
 An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.  
*O Place ! O People !* Manners ! fram'd to please  
 All *Nations, Customes, Kindreds, Languages !*  
 I am a free-born *Roman* ; suffer then,  
 That I amongst you live a Citizen.  
 London my home is : though by hard fate sent  
 Into a long and irksome banishment ;  
 Yet since cal'd back ; henceforward let me be,  
 O native countrey, repossess by thee !  
 For, rather then I'll to the West return,  
 I'll beg of thee first here to have mine Urn ;  
 Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;  
 Give thou my sacred Reliques Buriall.

*ALL THINGS DECAY AND DIE.*

*A*LL things decay with *Time* : The Forrest sees  
 The growth, and down-fall of her aged trees :  
 That Timber tall, which three-score *lusters* stood  
 The proud *Dictator* of the State-like wood :  
 I meane (the Sovereigne of all Plants) the Oke  
 Droops, dies, and falls without the cleavers stroke.

*TO DIANEME.*

*D*EARE, though to part it be a Hell,  
 Yet *Dianeme* now farewell :  
 Thy frown (last night) did bid me goe ;  
 But whither, onely Grief do's know.

I doe beseech thee, ere we part,  
(If mercifull, as faire thou art ;  
Or else desir'st that Maids sho'd tell  
Thy pittie by Loves-Chronicle)  
O *Dianeme*, rather kill  
Me, then to make me languish stil !  
'Tis cruelty in thee to'th'height,  
Thus, thus to wound, not kill out-right :  
Yet there's a way found (if thou please)  
By sudden death to give me ease :  
And thus devis'd, doe thou but this,  
Bequeath to me one parting kisse :  
So, sup'rabundant joy shall be  
The Executioner of me.

*HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH*

*THOUGH* Clock,  
To tell how night draws hence, I've none,  
A Cock,  
I have, to sing how day draws on.  
I have  
A maid (my *Prew*) by good luck sent,  
To save  
That little, Fates me gave or lent.  
A Hen  
I keep, which creaking day by day,  
Tells when  
She goes her long white egg to lay.  
A goose  
I have, which, with a jealous care,  
Lets loose

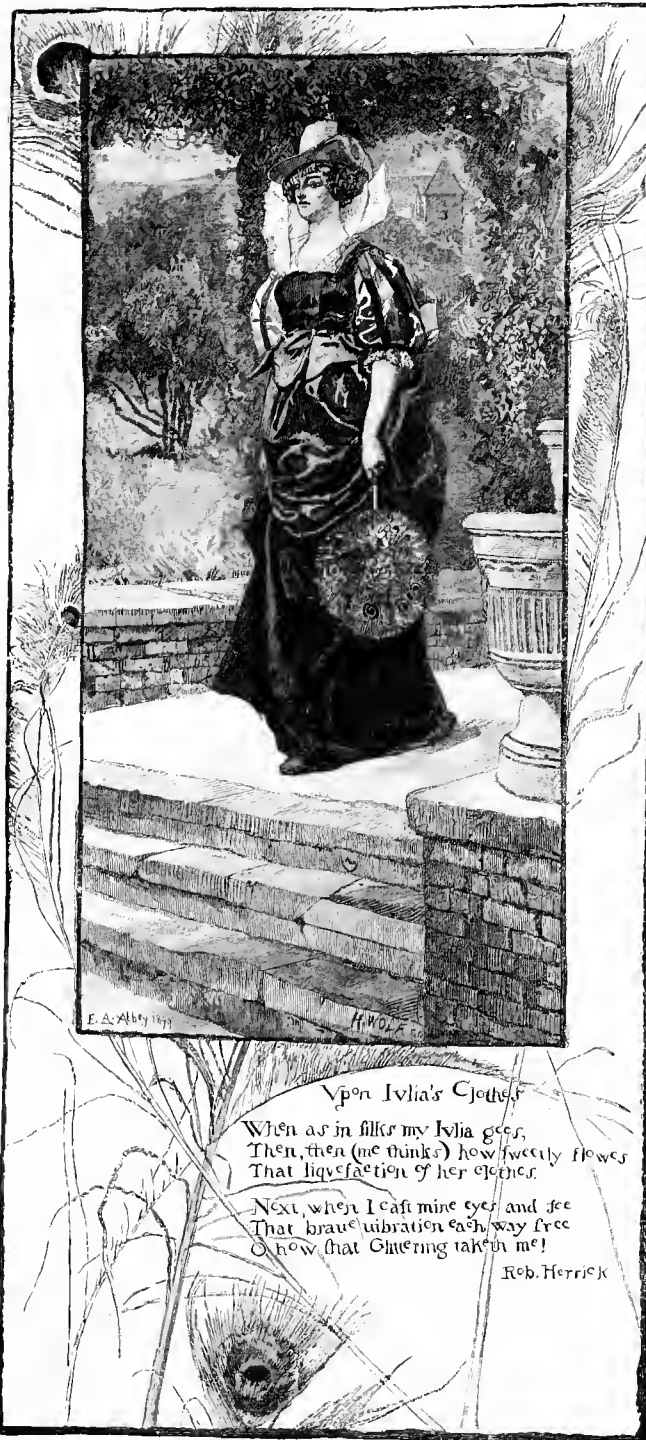
Her

Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.  
A Lamb
I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,  
Whose Dam
An Orphan left him (lately dead.)  
A Cat
I keep, that playes about my House,  
Grown fat,
With eating many a miching Mouse  
To these
A \*Trasy I do keep, whereby  
I please
The more my rurall privacie :  
Which are
But toyes, to give my heart some ease :  
Where care
None is, slight things do lightly please.

\*His Spaniel.

POSTING TO PRINTING.

*L*et others to the Printing Presse run fast,  
Since after death comes glory, *Ile not haste.*



Upon Ivilia's Clothes

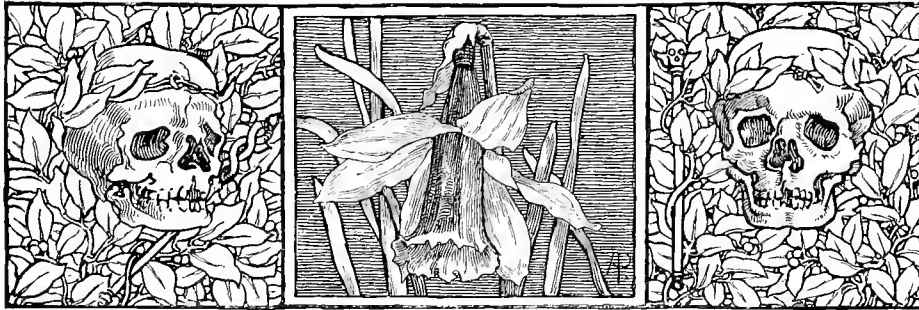
When as in silks my Ivilia goes,  
Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flows  
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
That braue vibration each way free  
O how that Glittering takes in me!

Rob. Herrick







*DIVINATION BY A DAFFADILL*

**W**HEN a Daffadill I see,  
 Hanging down his head t'wards me;  
 Guesse I may, what I must be :  
 First, I shall decline my head ;  
 Secondly, I shall be dead ;  
 Lastly, safely buried.

*THE CRUELL MAID.*

**A**ND Cruell Maid, because I see  
 You scornfull of my love, and me :  
 Ile trouble you no more ; but goe  
 My way, where you shall never know  
 What is become of me : there I  
 Will find me out a path to die ;  
 Or learne some way how to forget  
 You, and your name, for ever : yet  
 Ere I go hence ; know this from me,  
 What will, in time, your Fortune be :  
 This to your coyresse I will tell ;  
 And having spoke it once, Farewell.

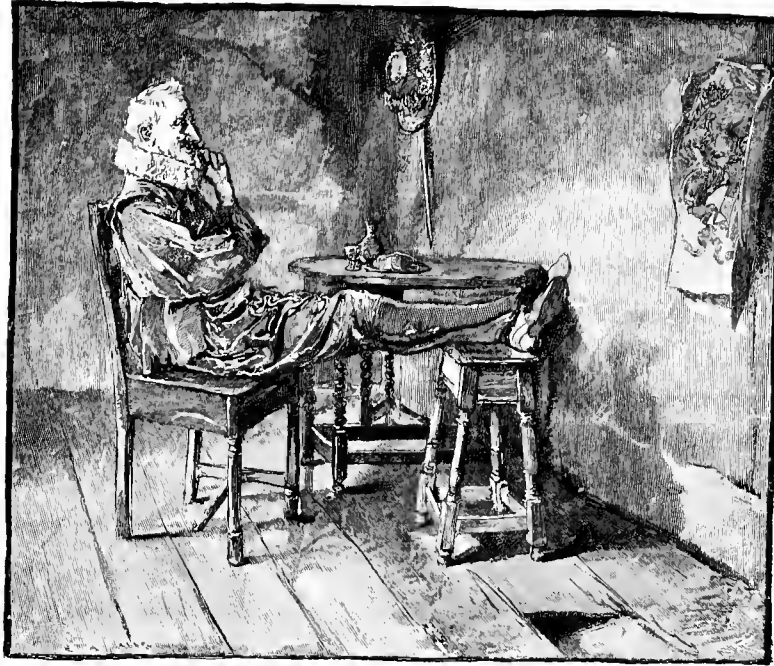
The

The Lillie will not long endure ;  
 Nor the Snow continue pure :  
 The Rose, the Violet, one day  
 See, both these Lady-flowers decay :  
 And you must fade, as well as they.  
 And it may chance that Love may turn,  
 And (like to mine) make your heart burn  
 And weep to see't ; yet this thing doe,  
 That my last Vow commends to you :  
 When you shall see that I am dead,  
 For pittie let a teare be shed ;  
 And (with your Mantle o're me cast)  
 Give my cold lips a kisse at last :  
 If twice you kisse, you need not feare,  
 That I shall stir, or live more here.  
 Next, hollow out a Tombe to cover  
 Me ; me, the most despised Lover :  
 And write thereon, *This, Reader, know,*  
*Love kill'd this man.* No more but so.

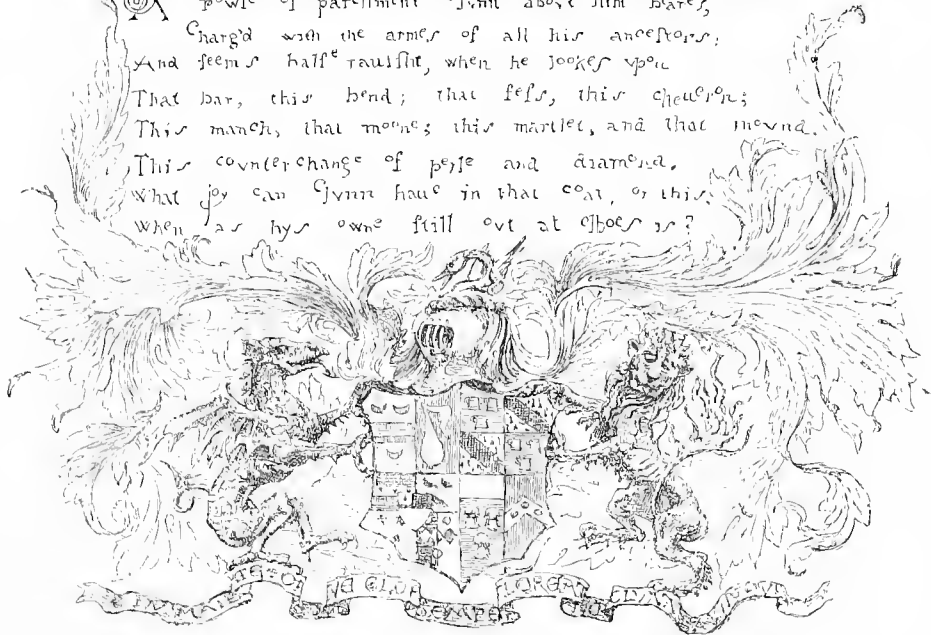
### UPON CLUNN.

*A* Rowle of Parchment *Clunn* about him beares,  
 Charg'd with the Armes of all his Ancestors :  
 And seems halfe ravisht, when he looks upon  
 That *Bar*, this *Bend* ; that *Fess*, this Cheveron ;  
 This *Manch*, that *Moone* ; this *Martlet*, and that *Mound* ;  
 This counterchange of *Perle* and *Diamond*.  
 What joy can *Clun* have in that Coat, or this,  
 When as his owne still out at elboes is ?

# Vpon Gynn



A rowle of parchement Gynn above him beares,  
 Charg'd with the armes of all his ancestors;  
 And seemes half taustit, when he lookes vpon  
 That bar, this bend; that fesse, this cheuiron;  
 This maneh, that moine; this martlet, and that moind.  
 This cownterchange of pisse and diamena,  
 What joy can Gynn haue in that coat, or this;  
 When as hys owne still out at elbowes is?







*THE BLEEDING HAND : OR, THE SPRIG OF  
EGLANTINE GIVEN TO A MAID*

*F*ROM this bleeding hand of mine,  
Take this sprig of *Eglantine*.  
Which (though sweet unto your smell)  
Yet the fretfull bryar will tell,  
He who plucks the sweets shall prove  
Many thorns to be in Love.

*HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA.*

*N*OON-DAY and Midnight shall at once be seene:  
Trees, at one time, shall be both sere and greene:  
Fire and water shall together lye  
In one-self-sweet-conspiring sympathie :  
Summer and Winter shall at one time show  
Ripe eares of corne, and up to th'eares in snow :  
Seas shall be landlesse ; Fields devoid of grasse ;  
Shapelesse the world, (as when all *Chaos* was)  
Before, my deare *Perilla*, I will be  
False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

*TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.*

**G***ATHER* ye Rose-buds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a flying :  
And this same flower that smiles to day,  
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a getting ;  
The sooner will his Race be run,  
And neerer he's to Setting.

That Age is best, which is the first,  
When Youth and Blood are warmer ;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;  
And while ye may, goe marry :  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

*UPON SCAPHO, SWEETLY PLAYING, AND  
SWEETLY SINGING.*

**W***HEN* thou do'st play, and sweetly sing,  
Whether it be the voice or string,  
Or both of them, that do agree  
Thus to en-trance and ravish me :  
This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute ;  
And dye away upon thy Lute.







*AGAIN.*

**W**HEN I thy singing next shall heare,  
Ile wish I might turne all to eare,  
To drink in Notes, and Numbers ; such  
As blessed soules cann't heare too much :  
Then melted down, there let me lye  
Entranc'd, and lost confusedly :  
And by thy Musique stricken mute,  
Die, and be turn'd into a Lute.

*A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA.*

**J**ULIA, I bring  
To thee this Ring,  
Made for thy finger fit ;  
To shew by this,  
That our love is  
(Or sho'd be) like to it.

Close though it be,  
The joynt is free :  
So when Love's yoke is on,  
It must not gall,  
Or fret at all  
With hard oppression.

But it must play  
Still either way :  
And be, too, such a yoke,  
As not too wide,  
To over-slide ;  
Or be so strait to choak.

So

So we, who beare,  
This beame, must reare  
Our selves to such a height :  
As that the stay  
Of either may  
Create the burden light.

And as this round  
Is no where found  
To flaw, or else to sever :  
So let our love  
As endless prove ;  
And pure as Gold for ever.

*THE TINKERS SONG.*

*A*LONG, come along,  
Let's meet in a throng  
Here of Tinkers ;  
And quaffe up a Bowle  
As big as a Cowle  
To Beer Drinkers.  
The pole of the Hop  
Place in the Ale-shop  
to Bethwack us ;  
If ever we think  
So much as to drink  
Unto *Bacchus*.  
Who frolick will be,  
For little cost he  
Must not vary,  
From Beer-broth at all,  
So much as to call  
For Canary.



Along, come along.  
 Let's meet in a throng  
 Here of tinkers  
 And quaffe vp a bowle  
 As big as a cowle  
 To beer drinkers

## THE TINKER'S SONG

The pole of the hop  
 Place in the ale-shop  
 To beehwack vs  
 If euer we think  
 So much as to drink  
 Vnto Bachvs



Who frolick will be  
 For little cost he  
 Must not vary  
 From beer-broth at all  
 So much as to call  
 For canary

R. Herricke .



THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOURSWEET  
MONTHS.

**F**IRST, *April*, she with mellow showers  
Opens the way for early flowers ;  
Then after her comes smiling *May*,  
In a more rich and sweet array :  
Next enters *June*, and brings us more  
Jems, then those two, that went before :  
Then (lastly) *July* comes, and she  
More wealth brings in, then all those three.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES: AND  
THE QUARRIE OF PEARLS.

**S**OME ask'd me where the *Rubies* grew ?  
And nothing I did say :  
But with my finger pointed to  
The lips of *Julia*.  
Some ask'd how *Pearls* did grow, and where ?  
Then spoke I to my Girle,  
To part her lips, and shew'd them there  
The Quarelets of Pearl.

MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

**W**HEN all Birds els do of their musick faile  
Money's the still-sweet-singing *Nightingale*.

*THE HAG.*

*T*HE Hag is astride,  
This night for to ride ;  
The Devill and shee together :  
Through thick, and through thin,  
Now out, and then in,  
Though ne'er so foule be the weather.

A Thorn or a Burr  
She takes for a Spurre :  
With a lash of a Bramble she rides now,  
Through Brakes and through Bryars,  
O're Ditches, and Mires,  
She followes the Spirit that guides now.

No Beast, for his food,  
Dares now range the wood ;  
But lusht in his laire he lies lurking :  
While mischiefs, by these,  
On Land and on Seas,  
At noone of Night are a working,

The storme will arise,  
And trouble the skies ;  
This night, and more for the wonder,  
The ghost from the Tomb  
Affrighted shall come,  
Cal'd out by the clap of the Thunder.



## Y HAG

Y Hag is A fride  
 This Night for to Ride  
 Y Deuile & mee to gether  
 Through Thicket & Thigh  
 Now Ouer then In  
 Though ner for to be & Weather  
 At Noone & Night are a Wooll  
 No Beast for his food  
 Dar & now Rang & Wood  
 Bui Hvnt in his Land he lies  
 While Mithers by there  
 On Land & on Seas  
 Y Storme will arise  
 And Trouble & Mies  
 With a Lamf & a Brumle  
 She Rides now  
 Through Brake & through Bry  
 Oer Diche & A Vire  
 She followes & spirit that  
 Crides  
 Calt ovi by & Clap of Thyn







TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON.

**S**HUT not so soon ; the dull-ey'd night  
Ha's not as yet begunne  
To make a seisure on the light,  
Or to seale up the Sun.

No Marigolds yet closed are ;  
No shadowes great appeare ;  
Nor doth the early Shepheards Starre  
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my *Julia* close  
Her life-begetting eye ;  
And let the whole world then dispose  
It selfe to live or dye.



FARWELL FROST OR WELCOME THE SPRING.

**F**LEED are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare  
Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper.  
Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty Spring  
Gives to each Mead a neat enameling.  
The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every Tree  
Now swaggers in her Leavy gallantry.  
The while the *Daulian Minstrell* sweetly sings,  
With warbling Notes, her Tyrrean sufferings.  
What gentle Winds perspire? As if here  
Never had been the *Northern Plunderer*  
To strip the Trees, and Fields, to their distresse,  
Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.  
And look how when a frantick Storme doth tear  
A stubborn Oake, or Holme (long growing there)  
But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze  
That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of Trees :  
So when this War (which tempest-like doth spoil  
Our salt, our Corn, our Honie, Wine, and Oile)  
Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast  
His inconsiderate Frenzie off (at last)  
The gentle Dove may, when these turmoils cease,  
Bring in her Bill, once more, *the Branch of Peace*.

TO MEADOWES

**Y**E have been fresh and green,  
Ye have been fill'd with flowers :  
And ye the Walks have been  
Where maids have spent their houres.  
You



### To Meadows

Ye have been fresh and green  
 Ye have been full with flowers,  
 And so the waker have been  
 Whose maidens have spent their hours.

Ye have befield, how they  
 With waker's arms did come  
 To huts and dance away  
 The richer couples home.

Ye have heard them sweetly sing,  
 And seen them in a round:  
 Each virgin, like a spring,  
 With honey-sweet crown'd

But now, we see none here,  
 Whose silken feet did tread,  
 And with dishevell'd hair,  
 Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like vetches, having spent  
 Your stock, and ready grown  
 Ye are left here to lament  
 Your poor estate, alone





You have beheld, how they  
    With *Wicker Arks* did come  
To kisse, and beare away  
    The richer Couslips home.

Y've heard them sweetly sing,  
    And see them in a Round :  
Each Virgin, like a Spring,  
    With Hony-succles crown'd.

But now, we see, none here,  
    Whose silv'rie feet did tread,  
And with dishevell'd Haire,  
    Adorn'd this smoother Mead.

Like Unthrifts, having spent,  
    Your stock, and needy gown,  
Y'are left here to lament  
    Your poore estates, alone.

TO THE ROSE. SONG.

GOO happy Rose, and enterwove  
    With other Flowers, bind my Love.  
    Tell her too, she must not be,  
Longer flowing, longer free,  
    That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say (if she's fretfull) I have bands  
Of Pearle, and Gold, to bind her hands :  
    Tell her, if she struggle still,  
I have Mirtle rods, (at will)  
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take

Take thou my blessing, thus, and goe,  
And tell her this, but doe not so,  
Lest a handsome anger flye,  
Like a Lightning, from her eye,  
And burn thee'up, as well as I.

*TO THE WESTERN WIND.*

**S**WEET Western Wind, whose luck it is,  
(Made rivall with the aire)  
To give *Perenna's* lip a kisse,  
And fan her wanton haire.

Bring me but one, Ile promise thee,  
Instead of common showers,  
Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,  
And all beset with flowers.

*HIS CAVALIER.*

**G**IVE me that man, that dares bestride  
The active Sea-horse, & with pride,  
Through that hugh field of waters ride:  
Who, with his looks too, can appease  
The ruffling winds and raging Seas,  
In mid'st of all their outrages.  
This, this a virtuous man can doe,  
Saile against Rocks, and split them too ;  
I ! and a world of Pikes passe through.

# His Cavalier



Give me that Man, that dares besride  
 The active sea-horse & with pride  
 Through that huge field of waters ride;  
 Who, with his looks too can appease  
 The ruffling winds and raging seas  
 In midst of all their outrage  
 This, this a vigorous Man can doe  
 Saile against Rocks and split them too;  
 I! and a World of pikes passe through.





*CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE.*

**C**OME, bring with a noise,  
My merrie merrie boyes,  
The Christmas Log to the firing ;  
While my good Dame, she,  
Bids ye all be free ;  
And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeeres brand  
Light the new block, And  
For good successe in his spending,  
On your Psalties play,  
That sweet luck may  
Come while the Log is a teending.

Drink now the strong Beere,  
Cut the white loafe here,  
The while the meat is a shredding ;  
For the rare Mince-Pie  
And the Plums stand by  
To fill the Paste that's a kneading.

*THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE DAY.*

**K**INDE the Christmas Brand and then  
Till Sunne-set, let it burne ;  
Which quencht, then lay it up agen,  
Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend  
The Christmas Log next yeare ;  
And where 'tis safely kept, the Fiend,  
Can do no mischief (there.)

*HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR.*

**O**NELY a little more  
I have to write,  
Then Ile give o're,  
And bid the world Good-night.

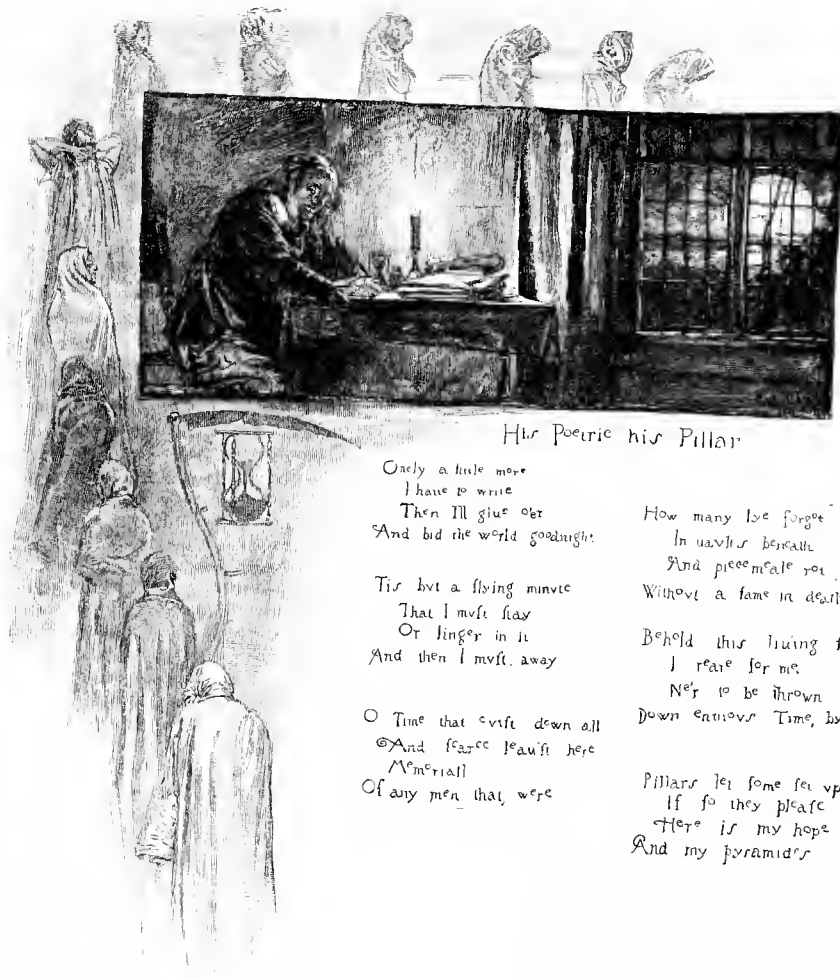
'Tis but a flying minnte,  
That I must stay,  
Or linger in it ;  
And then I must away.

O time that cut'st down all !  
And scarce leav'st here  
Memoriall  
Of any men that were.

How many lye forgot  
In Vaults beneath ?  
And piece-meale rot  
Without a fame in death ?

Behold this living stone,  
I reare for me,  
Ne'r to be thrown  
Downe, envious Time by thee.

Pillars let some set up,  
(If so they please)  
Here is my hope,  
And my *Pyramides*.



### His Poetrie his Pillar

Only a litle more  
I have to write  
Then Ill give o'er  
And bid the world goodnight:

Tis but a flying minute  
That I must stay  
Or linger in it  
And then I must away

O Time that cunst down all  
And scarce leavest here  
Memoriall  
Of any men that were

How many we forget  
In our breath  
And piece-meale rot  
Without a fame in death

Behold this living stone  
I reare for me  
Not to be thrown  
Down eunowr Time, by thee.

Pillars let some set up  
If so they please  
Here is my hope  
And my pyramides



*A TERNCARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN  
OF JELLIE SENT TO A LADY.*

*A* Little Saint best fits a little Shrine,  
A little prop best fits a little Vine,  
As my small Cruse best fits my little Wine.

A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,  
A little Trade best fits a little Toyle :  
As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.

A little Bin best fits a little Bread,  
A little Garland fits a little Head :  
As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.

A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,  
A little Chappell fits a little Quire,  
As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.

A little streame best fits a little Boat ;  
A little lead best fits a little Float ;  
As my small Pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little bellie,  
As sweetly Lady, give me leave to tell ye,  
This little Pipkin fits this little Jellie.

*A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESSE.*

*Y*OU are a *Tulip* seen to day,  
But (Dearest) of so short a stay ;  
That where you grew, scarce man can say.  
You

You are a lovely *July-flower*,  
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,  
Will force you hence, (and in an houre.)

You are a sparkling *Rose* i'th'bud,  
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood  
Can shew where you or grew, or stood.

You are a full-spread faire-set Vine,  
And can with Tendrills love intwine,  
Yet dry'd, ere you distill your Wine.

You are like Balme inclosed (well)  
In *Amber*, or some *Chrystall* shell,  
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty *Violet*,  
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set  
Within the Virgin's Coronet.

You are the *Queen* all flowers among,  
But die you must (faire Maid) ere long,  
As He, the maker of this Song.

TO BE MERRY.

**L**ETS now take our time ;  
While w'are in our Prime ;  
And old, old Age is a farre off :  
For the evill evill dayes  
Will come on apace ;  
Before we can be aware of.

"TO BE MERRY"



Let's now take ovr Time;  
 While ware in ovr Prime;  
 And Old, olde Age is afaire off.  
 For the Euill, euill dayes  
 Will come on Apace;  
 before we can bee aware of.





CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.



**G**ET up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne  
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.  
 See how *Aurora* throws her faire  
 Fresh-quilted colours through the aire :  
 Get up, sweet-Slug-a-bed, and see  
 The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree.  
 Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,  
 Above an houre since ; yet you not drest,  
 Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?  
 When all the Birds have Mattens seyed,  
 And sung their thankfull Hymnes : 'tis sin,

Nay,





Nay, profanation to keep in,  
When as a thousand Virgins on this day,  
Spring, sooner than the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rise ;



Rise ; and put on your Foliage, and be seene  
 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and greene ;  
     And sweet as *Flora*. Take no care  
     For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire :  
     Feare not ; the leaves will strew  
     Gemms in abundanee upon you :  
 Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,  
 Against you come, some *Orient Pearls* unwept :  
     Come, and receive them while the light  
     Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night :  
     And *Titan* on the Eastern hill  
     Retires himselfe, or else stands still  
 Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be brieft in praying :  
 Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.



Come,





Come, my *Corinna*, come ; and coming, marke  
How each field turns a street ; each street a Parke  
    Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how  
    Devotion gives each House a Bough,  
    Or Branch : Each Porch, each doore, ere this  
    An Arke a Tabernacle is  
Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove ;  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
    Can such delights be in the street,  
    And open fields, and we not see't ?  
    Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obay  
    The Proclamation made for May :  
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;  
But my *Corinna*, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's





There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,  
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.  
     A deale of Youth, ere this, is come  
     Back, with *White-thorn* laden home.  
 Some have dispatcht their Cakes and Creame,  
     Before that we have left to dreame :  
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth,  
 And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth .  
     Many a green-gown has been given ;  
     Many a kisse, both odde and even :  
     Many a glance too has been sent  
     From out the eye, Loves Firmament :  
 Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying  
 This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a Maying.



Come,



Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime ;  
And take the harmlesse follie of the time.  
    We shall grow old apace, and die  
    Before we know our liberty.  
    Our life is short ; and our dayes run  
    As fast away as do's the Sunne :  
And as a vapour, or a drop of raine  
Once lost, can ne'r be fonnd againe :  
    So when or you or I are made  
    A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;  
    All love, all liking, all delight  
    Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.  
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying ;  
Come, my *Corinna*, come, let's goe a Maying.



THE MAD MAIDS SONG.

**G**OOD morrow to the Day so fair ;  
Good morning Sir to you :  
Good morrow to mine own torn hair  
Bedabled with the dew.

Good morning to this Prim-rose too ;  
Good morrow to each maid ;  
That will with flowers the *Tomb* bestrew,  
Wherein my Love is laid.

Ah woe is me, woe, woe is me,  
Alack and welladay !  
For pittty, Sir, find out that Bee,  
Which bore my Love away.

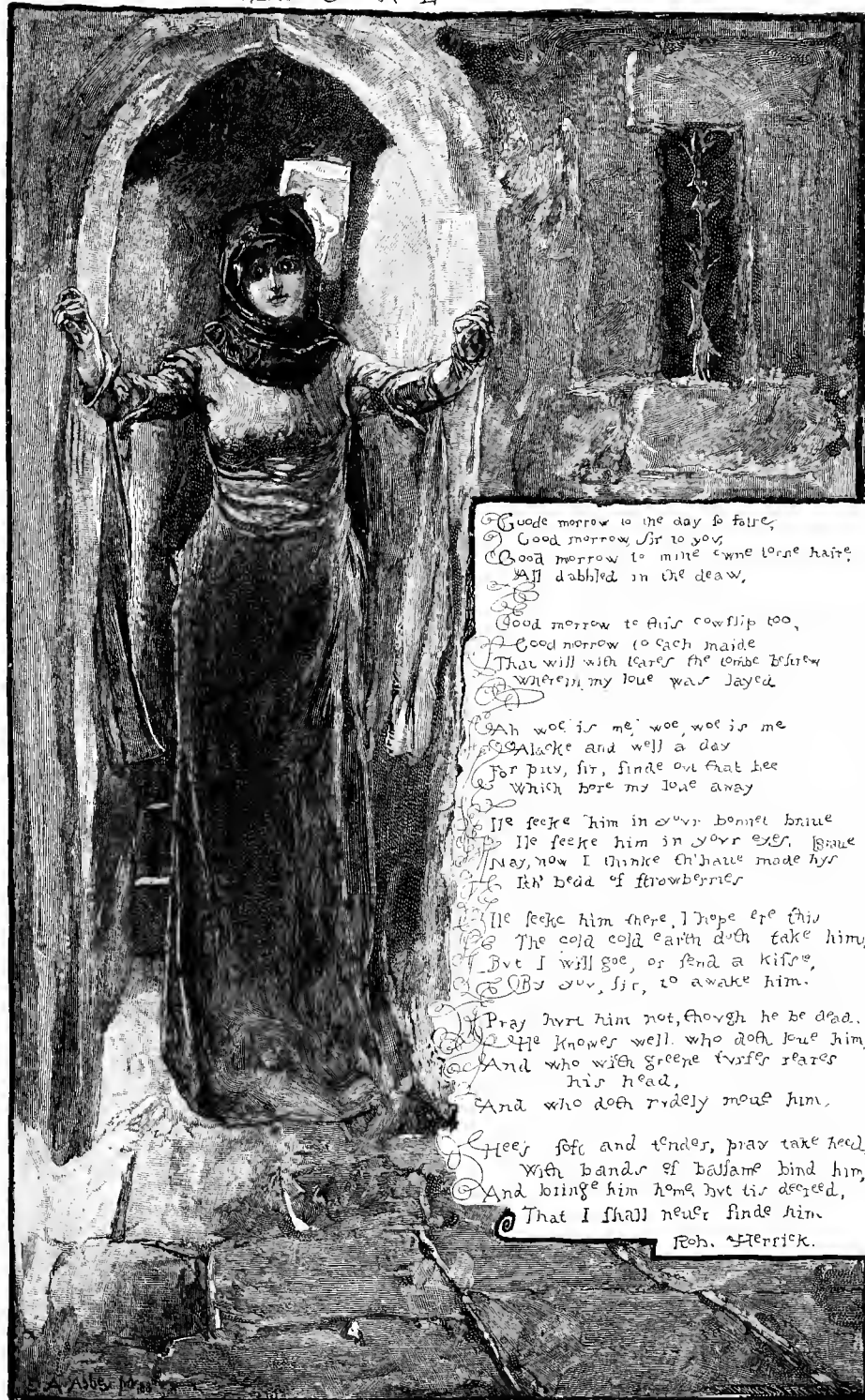
I'll seek him in your *Bonnet* brave ;  
He seek him in your eyes ;  
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave  
I'th'bed of strawburies.

He seek him there ; I know, ere this,  
The cold, cold Earth doth shake him ;  
But I will go, or send a kisse  
By you, Sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,  
He knowes well who do love him,  
And who with green-turfes reare his head,  
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (Pray take heed)  
With bands of Cow-slips bind him ;  
And bring him home, but 'tis decreed,  
That I shall never find him.

# THE BAD MAYDES SONGE



Gude morrow to the day so faire,  
 Good morrow sir to you,  
 Good morrow to mine owne lone haire,  
 All dabbled in the dew,

Good morrow to this cowslip too,  
 Good morrow to each maide  
 That will with leares the combe beset  
 wherein my loue was layed

Ah wee is me, wee is me  
 Alacke and well a day  
 For thus, sir, finde out that tree  
 Which bore my leae away

He seeke him in ouer bonnet briue  
 He seeke him in your eye, sir  
 Nay, now I thinke th'haue made his  
 Redd head of strowberries

He seeke him there, I hope ere this  
 The cold cold earth doth take him,  
 But I will goe, or send a kisse,  
 By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hve him not, though he be dead.  
 He knowes well who doth loue him  
 And who with greene twise reares  
 his head,  
 And who doth rudely moue him.

Hee, soft and tender, pray take heed,  
 With bandes of bassage bind him,  
 And bringe him home, hvt tis decreed,  
 That I shall neuer finde him.

Rob. Herrick.



*A BUCOLICK BETWIXT TWO :*

Lacon and Thyrsis.

*Lacon.* **F**OR a kiss or two, confesse,  
What doth cause this pensiveness ?  
Thou most lovely Neat-heardesse :  
Why so lonely on the hill ?  
Why thy pipe by thee so still,  
That ere while was heard so shrill ?  
  
Tell me, do thy kine now fail  
To fulfill the milkin-paile ?  
Say, what is't that thou do'st aile ?

*Thyr.* None of these ; but out, alas !  
A mischance is come to pass,  
And I'll tell thee what it was :  
See mine eyes are weeping ripe,

*Lacon.* Tell, and I'll lay down my Pipe.

*Thyr.* I have lost my lovely steere,  
That to me was far more deer  
Then these kine, which I milke here.  
Board of fore-head, large of eye,  
Party colour'd like a Pie ;  
Smooth in each limb as a die ;  
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn ;  
Sharply pointed as a thorn :  
With a neck by yoke unworn.  
From the which hung down by strings,  
Balls of Cowslips, Daisie rings,  
Enterplac't with ribbanings.  
Faultless every way for shape ;  
Not a straw co'd him escape ;  
Ever gamesome as an ape :

But

But yet harmless as a sheep,  
(Pardon, *Lacon* if I weep)  
*Tears will spring, where woes are deep.*  
Now (ai me) (ai me.) Last night  
Came a mad dog, and did bite,  
I, and kil'd my dear delight.

*Lacon.* Alack for grief !

*Thyr.* But I'll be brief,

Hence I must, for time doth call  
Me, and my sad Play-mates all,  
To his Ev'ning Funerall.  
Live long, *Lacon*, so *adieu*.

*Lacon.* Mournful maid farewell to you ;  
*Earth afford ye flowers to strew.*

THE PARCE, or, THREE DAINTY DESTINIES:  
THE ARMCLET.

THREE lovely Sisters working were  
(As they were closely set)  
Of soft and dainty Maiden-haire,  
A curious *Armcleet*.  
I smiling, ask'd them what they did ?  
(Faire *Destinies* all three)  
Who told me, they had drawn a thred  
of Life, and 'twas for me.  
They shew'd me then, how fine 'twas spun ;  
And I reply'd thereto,  
I care not now how soone 'tis done,  
Or cut, if cut by you.





Three lovely Sisters workinge were  
 (As they were closely set)  
 Of soft and dainty Maiden-haire  
 A curious Armlet  
 I smilinge ask'd them what they did  
 Fair Destinies all three)  
 Who told me they had drawn a thread  
 Of Life, and 'twas for me.  
 They shew'd me then how fine 'twas spun  
 And I reply'd there-to  
 I care not now how soone 'tis done  
 Or evn, if evn by you.

Rob: HERRICK



THE WILLOW GARLAND.

A Willow Garland thou did'st send  
Perfum'd (last day) to me :  
Which did but only this portend,  
I was forsooke by thee.

Since so it is ; Ile tell thee what,  
To morrow thou shalt see  
Me weare the Willow ; after that,  
To dye upon the Tree.

As Beasts unto the Altars go  
With Garlands drest, so I  
Will, with my Willow-wreath also,  
Come forth and sweetly dye.

UPON MRS. ELIZ: WHEELER, UNDER THE  
NAME OF AMARILLIS.

SWEET *Amarillis*, by a Spring's  
Soft and soule-melting murmurings,  
Slept ; and thus sleeping, thither flew  
A *Robin-Red brest* ; who at view,  
Not seeing her at all to stir,  
Brought leaves and mosse to cover her :  
But while he, perking, there did prie  
About the Arch of either eye ;  
The lid began to let out day ;  
At which poore *Robin* flew amay :  
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd ;  
He chirpt for joy, to see himself disceav'd.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HIMSELFE AND  
MISTRESSE ELIZA: WHEELER, UNDER  
THE NAME OF AMARILLIS

*M*Y dearest Love, since thou wilt go,  
And leave me here behind thee ;  
For love or pitie let me know  
The place where I may find thee.

*Amaril.* In country Meadowes pearl'd with Dew,  
And set about with Lillies ;  
There filling Maunds with Cowslips, you  
May find your *Amarillis*.

*Her.* What have the Meades to do with thee,  
Or with thy youthfull houres ?  
Live thou at Court, where thou mayst be  
The *Queen* of men, not flowers.

Let Country wenches make'em fine  
With Posies, since 'tis fitter  
For thee with richest Jemmes to shine,  
And like the Starres to glitter.

*Amaril.* You set too high a rate upon  
A Shepheardess so homely ;

*Her.* Believe it (dearest) ther's not one  
I'th' Court that's halfe so comly.

I prithee stay. (*Am.*) I must away,  
Lets kiss first, then we'll sever.

*Ambo.* And though we bid adieu to day,  
Wee shall not part for ever.

By Rob: Herrick  
 A Dialogue betwixt Himself & Mistress ELIZA WHEELER vnder  
 the Name of AMARILLIS.

My dearest Ioue, since thou wilt go,  
 And leaue me heere behind thee;  
 For Ioue or pittie let me know  
 The place where I may find thee

AMARILLIS

In countrie meadowes pearld with dew,  
 And set aboue with lillies; for  
 There fillings maynds with cowslips,  
 May find your Amarillis.

HER

What haue the meades to do with thee;  
 Or with thy youthfull heere? Be  
 Liue thou at court where thou mayst  
 Be queen of menne, not flowers.

Let countrie wenchers make 'em fine  
 With poesies since tis fitter  
 For thee with richest iemmes to shine  
 And like of stanes to glitter.

AMARILLIS

You set too high a rate vpon  
 A shepherdesse so homely

HER

Believe it, dearest, ther's not one  
 I thin court that's halfe so comly



I prithe stay AMARILLIS: I must away  
 Let's kisse first then we'l seue

ABO

And tho' we bid adieu today  
 Wee shall not part forever





*WHY FLOWERS CHANGE COLOURS.*

**T**HESE fresh beauties (we can prove)  
Once were Virgins sick of love,  
Turn'd to Flowers. Still in some  
Colours goe, and colours come.

*I CALL AND I CALL.*

**I** Call, I call, who doe ye call ?  
The Maids to catch this Cowslip-ball :  
But since these Cowslips fading be,  
Troth, leave the flowers, and Maids, take me.  
Yet, if that neither you will doe,  
Speak but the word, and Ile take you.



THE OLD WIVES PRAYER.

**H**OLY-ROOD come forth and shield  
Us i'th'Citie, and the Field :  
Safely guard us, now and aye,  
From the blast that burns by day ;  
And those sounds that us affright.  
In the dead of dampish night  
Drive all hurtfull Feinds us fro,  
By the Time the Cocks first crow.

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

**D**OWN with the Rosemary, and so  
Down with the Baies, & mistletoe :  
Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,  
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall :  
That so the superstitious find  
No one least Branch there left behind :  
For look how many leaves there be  
Neglected there (maids trust to me)  
So many *Goblins* you shall see.

CHRISTMAS-EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONIE.

**C**OME guard this night the Christmas-Pie,  
That the Thiefe, though ne'r so slie,  
With his Flesh-hooks, don't come nie  
To catch it

From him, who all alone sits there,  
Having his eyes still in his eare,  
And a deale of nightly feare  
To watch it.





A  
CEREMONY  
Vpon  
CANDELMAS  
EVE

DOWN with y<sup>e</sup> Reremay, & so  
Down with y<sup>e</sup> Baies, & Mistletoe;  
Down with y<sup>e</sup> Holly, Ivie, all,  
Wherewith ye Drest y<sup>e</sup> Xmas Hall.  
Y<sup>e</sup> so y<sup>e</sup> Superstitious finde,  
No One Leaf Branch there left Behind.  
For Look, how many Leaves There Be  
Neglected there, Mayde, trust to Me,  
So Many Goblins Yov Shall See,

R. Herrick



CHRISTMAS EVE — A CEREMONY



Come, guard this night, O Funerary Pie  
That's here so near to lie  
With his Aethelred, don't come nigh  
To wake it.

From him, who all alone her Gave  
Having his ear full in his case  
And a deal of nightly fears  
To watch it.

R. Herrick





DEAN-BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON.  
BY WHICH SOMETIMES HE LIVED.

**D**EAN-BOURN, farewell ; I never look to see  
Deane, or thy warty incivility.  
Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams,  
And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames ;  
To my content, I never sho'd behold,  
Were thy streames silver, or thy rocks all gold.  
Rockie thou art ; and rockie we discover  
Thy men ; and rockie are thy wayes all over.  
O men, O manners ; Now, and ever knowne  
To be *A Rockie Generation !*  
A people currish ; churlish as the seas ;  
And rude (almost) as rudest Salvages.  
With whom I did, and may re-sojourne when  
Rockes turn to Rivers, Rivers turn to Men.

TO HIS MAID PREW.

**T**HESSE *Summer-Birds* did with thy Master stay  
The times of warmth ; but then they flew away ;  
Leaving their Poet (being now grown old)  
Expos'd to all the coming Winters cold.  
But thou *kind Prew* did'st with my Fates abide,  
As well the Winters, as the Summers Tide :  
For which thy Love, live with thy Master here,  
Not two, but all the seasons of the year.

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN.

HER SICKNESS.

**P**RUE, my dearest Maid, is sick,  
Almost to a Lunatick :  
*Æsculapius!* come and bring  
Means for her recovering ;  
And a gallant Cock shall be  
Offer'd up by Her, to Thee.

UPON PREW HIS MAID.

**I**N this little Urne is laid  
*Prewdence Baldwin* (once my maid)  
From whose happy spark here let  
Spring the purple Violet.

To His Mayde Prew



These summer-birds did with thy master stay  
The times of warmth; but when they flew away,  
Leaving their poet being now grown old  
Expos'd to all the coming winters cold  
But thou, kind Prew, didst with my fate abide  
As well the winter's as the summer's tide  
For which thy love, live with thy master here  
Not two but all the seasons of the year

R. Herrick







TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING  
DEW.

**W**<sup>HY</sup> doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Tears  
Speak grieve in you,  
Who were but borne  
Just as the modest Morne  
Teem'd her refreshing dew?  
Alas you have not known that shower,  
That marres a flower;  
Nor felt th'unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind;  
Nor are ye worne with yeares;  
Or warpt, as we,  
Who think it strange to see,  
Such pretty flowers, (like to Orphans young)  
To speak by Teares, before ye have a Tongue.

Speak, whimpr'ing Younglings, and make known  
The reason, why  
Ye droop, and weep;  
Is it for want of sleep?  
Or childish Lullabie;  
Or that ye have not seen as yet  
The *Violet*?  
Or brought a kisse  
From that Sweet-heart, to this?  
No, no, this sorrow shown  
By your teares shed,  
Wo'd have this Lecture read,  
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth.

TO VIOLETS.

**W**ELCOMES Maids of Honour,  
You doe bring  
In the Spring ;  
And wait upon her.

She has Virgins many,  
Fresh and faire ;  
Yet you are  
More sweet then any.

Y'are the Maiden Posies,  
And so grac't,  
To be plac't,  
'Fore Damask Roses.

Yet though thus respected,  
By and by  
Ye doe lie,  
Poore Girles, neglected.

UPON LOVE.

**I** HELD Love's head while it did ake ;  
But so it chanc't to be ;  
The cruell paine did his forsake,  
And forthwith came to me.

Ai me ! How shal my griefe be stil'd ?  
Or where else shall we find  
One like to me, who must be kill'd  
For being too—too—kind ?



I hold Lover's head while it did ake;  
But to it chanest to be;  
The Cruell paine did now forsake  
And forth with came to me.

At me! how shall my griefe be mild?  
Or where else shall we find  
One like to me, who must be killd  
For being too too-kind.

E. A. Abbey  
1888



THE PRIMROSE.

ASKE me why I send you here  
This sweet *Infanta* of the yeere?  
Aske me why I send to you  
This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?  
I will whisper to your eares,  
The sweets of Love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower do's show  
So yellow-green, and sickly too?  
Ask me why the stalk is weak  
And bending, (yet it doth not break?)  
I will answer, These discover  
What fainting hopes are in a Lover.

TO MISTRESSE KATHERINE BRADSHAW,  
THE LOVELY, THAT CROWNED  
HIM WITH LAUREL.

MY Muse in Meads has spent her many houres,  
Sitting, and sorting severall sorts of flowers,  
To make for others garlands; and to set  
On many a head here, many a Coronet:  
But, amongst All encircled here, not one  
Gave her a day of Coronation;  
Till you (sweet Mistresse) came and enterwove  
A *Laurel* for her, (ever young as love)  
You first of all crown'd her; she must of due,  
Render for that, a crowne of life to you.

*A VOW TO VENUS.*

**H***APPILY* I had a sight  
Of my dearest deare last night;  
Make her this day smile on me,  
And Ile Roses give to thee.

*UPON MISTRESSE SUSANNA SOUTHWELL  
HER CHEEKS.*

**R***ARE* are thy cheeks *Susanna*, which do show  
Ripe Cherries smiling, while that others blow.

*UPON HER EYES.*

**C***LEAR* are her eyes,  
Like purest Skies.  
Discovering from thence  
A Babie there  
That turns each Sphere,  
Like an Intelligence.

*UPON HER FEET.*

**H***ER* pretty feet  
Like snailes did creep  
A little out, and then,  
As if they played at Bo-peep,  
Did soon draw in agen.



Vpon Miftresse Susanna Southwell her Cheeks.

Rare are thy Cheeks Susanna which do shew  
Ripe Cherries smiling while that others blow

Vpon her Eies

Crepe are her eies  
Like purest skies  
Discovering from thence  
A babie there  
That turns each spere  
Like an intelligence

Vpon her Feet

Her pretty feet  
Like snails did creep  
A little ovt, and then  
As if they played at ho-peep  
Did soon draw in agen





*HOW PRIMROSES CAME GREEN.*

**V**IRGINS, time-past, known were these,  
Troubled with Green-sicknesses,  
Turn'd to flowers : Stil the hieu,  
Sickly Girles, they beare of you.



*A CANTICLE TO APOLLO.*

*P*LAY *Phæbus* on thy Lute ;  
And we will, all sit mute :  
By listning to thy Lire,  
That sets all eares on fire.

Hark, harke, the God do's play !  
And as he leads the way  
Through heaven, the very Spheres,  
As men, turne all to eares.

*UPON JULIA'S VOICE.*

*S*O smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,  
As, could they hear, the Damn'd would make no noise,  
But listen to thee, (walking in thy chamber)  
Melting melodious words, to Lutes of Amber.

*ANOTHER UPON HER WEEPING.*

*S*HE by the River sate, and sitting there,  
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.



She by the River late & sitting there  
She Wept & made it deeper by a Tear



TO ELECTRICA.

**I** dare not ask a kisse ;  
I dare not beg a smile ;  
Lest having that, or this,  
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share  
Of my desire, shall be  
Onely to kisse that Aire,  
That lately kissed thee.

ON LOVE.

**L**OVE bade me aske a gift,  
And I no more did move,  
But this, that I might shift  
Still with my clothes, my Love :  
That favour granted was ;  
Since which, though I love many,  
Yet so it comes to passe,  
That long I love not any.

UPON HIMSELF.

**T**HOU shalt not All die ; for while Love's fire shines  
Upon his Altar, men shall read thy lines ;  
And learn'd Musicians shall to honour *Herricks*  
Fame, and his Name, both set and sing his Lyrics.

THE RAINBOW: OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

*M*INE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine  
And as they thus did entertaine  
The gentle Beams from *Julia*'s sight  
To mine eyes level'd opposite :  
O Thing admir'd ! there did appeare  
A curious Rainbow smiling there ;  
Which was the Covenant, that she  
No more wo'd drown mine eyes, or me.

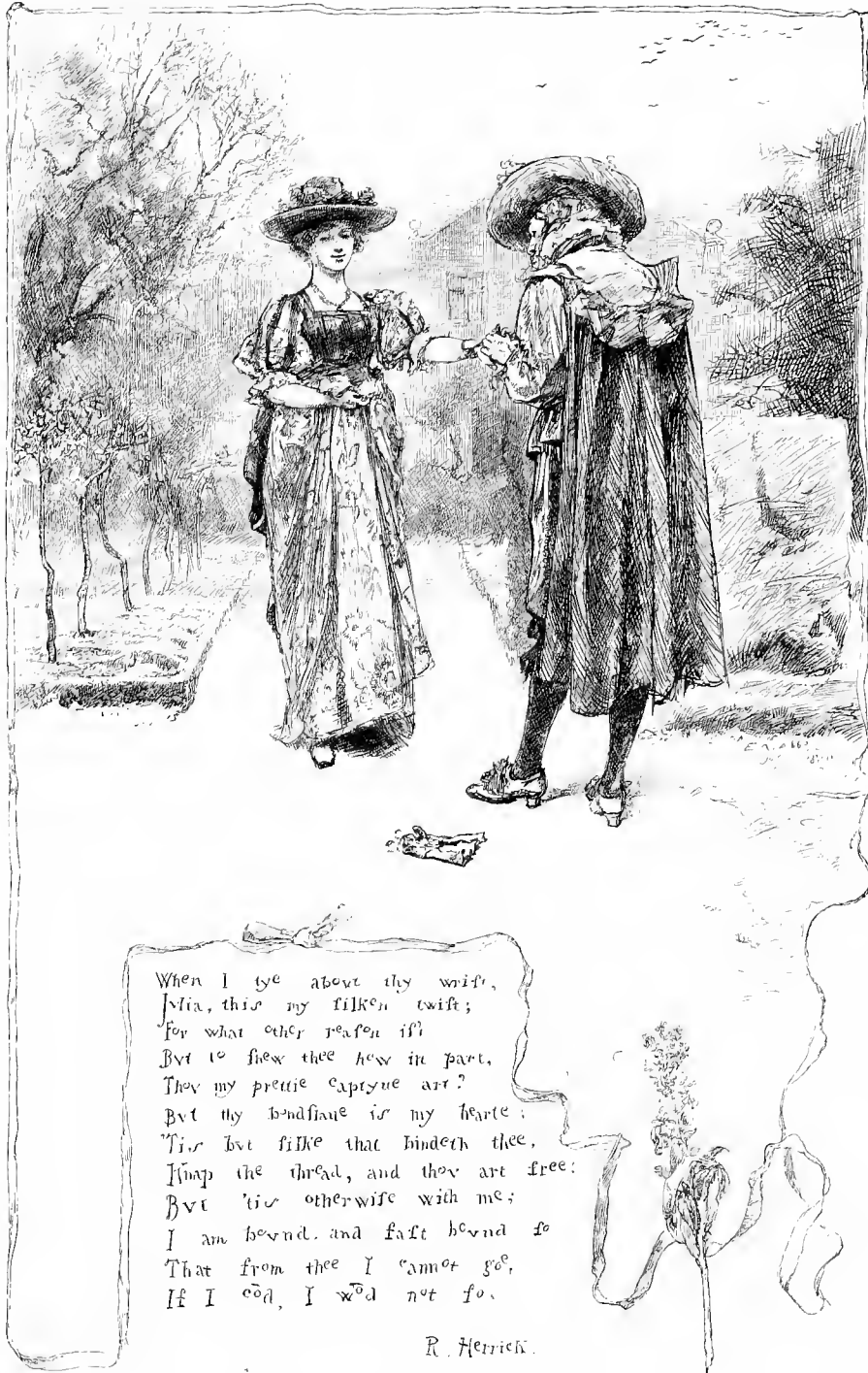
THE BRACELET TO JULIA.

*W*H<sup>Y</sup> I tye about thy wrist,  
*Julia*, this my silken twist  
For what other reason is't,  
But to shew thee how in part,  
Thou my pretty Captive art ?  
But thy Bondslave is my heart :  
'Tis but silke that bindeth thee,  
Knap the thread, and thou art free :  
But 'tis otherwise with me ;  
I am bound, and fast bound so,  
That from thee I cannot go ;  
If I co'd, I wo'd not so.

THE ROSARIE.

*O*N<sup>E</sup> ask'd me where the Roses grew ?  
I bade him not goe seek ;  
But forthwith bade my *Julia* shew  
A bud in either cheek.

The Bracelet to Julia



R. Herrick.





SONG.     *HIS MISTRESS TO HIM AT HIS  
FARWELL.*

**Y**<sup>OU</sup> may vow Ile not forgett  
To pay the debt,  
Which to thy Memorie stands as due  
As faith can seale It you  
Take then tribute of my teares  
So long as I have feares  
To prompt mee, I shall euer  
Languish and looke but thy returne see neuer  
Oh then to lessen my dispaire  
Print thy lips Into the ayre  
So by this  
Meanes I may kisse thy kisse  
when as some kinde  
winde  
Shall hither waft it and In lieu  
My lipps shall send a 1000 back to you.  
Ro : herrick.

*HIS REQUEST TO JULIA*

**J**<sup>ULIA</sup>, if I chance to die  
Ere I print my Poetry ;  
I most humbly thee desire  
To commit it to the fire :  
Better 'twere my Book were dead,  
Then to live not perfected.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MISTRIS  
ELIZABETH HERRICK.

**S**WEEET virgin, that I do not set  
The pillars up of weeping *Jet*,  
Or mournfull *Marble* ; let thy shade  
Not wrathfull seem, or fright the Maide,  
Who hither at her wonted howers  
Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.  
No, know (Blest Maide) when there's not one  
Remainder left of Brasse or stone,  
Thy living Epitaph shall be,  
Though lost in them, yet found in me.  
Dear, in thy *bed of Roses*, then,  
Till this world shall dissolve as men,  
Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,  
Drawing thy curtains round : *Good night*.

ANTHEA'S RETRACTION.

**A**NTHÉA laught, and fearing lest excesse  
Might stretch the cords of civill comelinesse:  
She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face ;  
And cal'd each line back to his *rule* and *space*.

TO ANTHEA.

**S**ICK is *Anthea*, sickly is the spring,  
The Primrose sick, and sickly every thing :  
The while my deer *Anthea* do's but droop,  
The *Tulips*, *Lillies*, *Daffadills* do stoop ;  
But when again sh'as got her healthfull houre,  
Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.



Sick is Anthea sickly is the Spring  
 The primrose sick, & sickly every thing  
 The while my dear Anthea do's but droop  
 The tulips lillies daffodills do stoop;  
 But when again sh'as got her healthful hour  
 Each bending then, will rise a proper flower





THE WAKES.

COME *Anthea* let us two  
Go to Feast, as others do.  
Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes,  
Are the Junketts still at Wakes :  
Unto which the Tribes resort,  
Where the businesse is the sport :  
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,  
Marian too in Pagentrie :  
And a Mimick to devise  
Many grinning properties.  
Players there will be, and those  
Base in action as in clothes :  
Yet with strutting they will please  
The incurious Villages.  
Neer the dying of the day,  
There will be a *Cudgell*-Play,  
Where a *Coxcomb* will be broke,  
Ere a good *word* can be spoke :  
But the anger ends all here,  
Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.  
Happy Rusticks, best content  
With the cheapest Merriment :  
And possesse no other feare,  
Then to want the Wake next Yeare.

UPON MUCH-MORE. EPIG.

MUCH-MORE, provides, and hoords up like an Ant;  
Yet *Much-more* still complains he is in want.  
Let *Much-more* justly pay his tythes; then try  
How both his Meale and Oile will multiply.

TO JULIA.

**P**ERMIT me, *Julia*, now to goe away ;  
Or by thy love, decree me here to stay.  
If thou wilt say, that I shall live with thee ;  
Here shall my endless Tabernacle be :  
If not, (as banisht) I will live alone  
There, where no language ever yet was known.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.

**H**ER Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee,  
The Shooting Starres attend thee ;  
And the Elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow,  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No *Will-o'-th'-Wispe* mis-light thee ;  
Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee :  
But on, on thy way  
Not making a stay,  
Since Ghost ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber ;  
What though the Moon do's slumber ?  
The Starres of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like Tapers cleare without number.

Then *Julia* let me wooe thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me :  
And when I shall meet  
Thy silv'ry feet,  
My soule Ile poure into thee.



### The Night-piece to Julia

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee  
 The shooting stars attend thee  
 And the Elms also  
 Whose little eyes glow  
 Like the sparkles of fire beside thee

No Will o' the Wisp' mis-light thee  
 Nor Snake or Slow-worm bite thee  
 But on, on thy way  
 Not making a stay  
 Since Ghosts there's none to affright thee

Let not the darkness theeumber  
 What though the Moon do's slumber  
 The stars of the night  
 Will lend thee their light  
 Like tapers clear without number

Then Julia let me woo thee  
 Thine, thine to come unto thee  
 And when I shall meet  
 Thy silvery feet,  
 My love I'll pour into thee





UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS MISTRESSES.

**I** Have lost, and lately, these  
Many dainty Mistresses :  
Stately *Julia*, prime of all ;  
*Sapho* next, a principall :  
Smooth *Anthea*, for a skin  
White, and Heaven-like Chrystalline :  
Sweet *Electra*, and the choice  
*Myrha*, for the Lute, and Voice.  
Next, *Corinna*, for her wit,  
And the graceful use of it :  
With *Perilla* : All are gone :  
Onely *Herrick's* left alone,  
For to number sorrow by  
Their departures hence, and die.

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS  
RELIGIOUS FATHER.

**T**HAT for seven *Lusters* I did never come  
To doe the *Rites* to thy Religious Tombe :  
That neither haire was cut, or true teares shed  
By me, o'r thee, (*as justments to the dead*)  
Forgive, forgive me ; since I did not know  
Whether thy bones had here their Rest, or no.  
But now 'tis known, Behold ; behold, I bring  
Unto thy Ghost, th'Effused Offering :  
And look, what Smallage, Night-shade, Cypresse, Yew,  
Unto the shades have been, or now are due,  
Here I devote ; And something more then so ;

I

I come to pay a Debt of Birth I owe.  
 Thou gav'st me life, (but Mortall ;) For that one  
 Favour, Ile make a full satisfaction ;  
 For my life mortall, Rise from out thy Herse,  
 And take a life immortall from my Verse.



*TO LAURELS.*

*A* Funerall stone,  
 Or Verse I covet none ;  
 But onely crave  
 Of you that I may have  
 A sacred Laurel springing from my grave :  
     Which being seen,  
 Blest with perpetuall greene,  
     May grow to be  
 Not so much call'd a tree,  
 As the eternall monument of me.

TO THE LARK.

**G**OOD speed, for I this day  
Betimes my Mattens say :  
Because I doe  
Begin to wooe :  
Sweet singing Lark,  
Be thou the Clark,  
And know thy when  
To say, *Amen*.  
And if I prove  
Blest in my love ;  
Then thou shalt be  
High-Priest to me,  
At my returne,  
To Incense burne ;  
And so to solemnize  
Love's, and my Sacrifice.

THE FAIRIES.

**I**F ye will with *Mab* find grace,  
Set each Platter in his place :  
Rake the Fier up, and get  
Water in, ere Sun be set.  
Wash your Pailles, and clense your Dairies ;  
Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies :  
Sweep your house : Who doth not so,  
*Mab* will pinch her by the toe.

*CHARMS.*

**B***RING* the holy crust of Bread,  
Lay it underneath the head ;  
'Tis a certain charm to keep  
Hags away, while Children sleep.

*ANOTHER CEREMONIE.*

**W***ASSAILE* the Trees, that they may beare  
You many a Plum, and many a Peare :  
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,  
As you doe give them Wassailing.

*UPON PEASON. EPIC.*

**L***ONG* Locks of late our Zelot *Peason* weares,  
Not for to hide his high and mighty eares ;  
No, but because he wo'd not have it seen,  
That Stubble stands, where once large eares have been.

*UPON AN OLD WOMAN*

**O***LD* widdow *Prouse* to do her neighbours evill  
Wo'd give (some say) her soule unto the Devill.  
Well, when sh'as kild, that Pig, Goose, Cock or Hen,  
What wo'd she give to get that soule agen ?



ITALY 1872

# TO AN OLD WOMAN

Old Widow Prove to do her neighbors  
 euill  
 Had giue some say her soul vnto y  
 deuill  
 Well when sh'as killd that pigge  
 goose cocke or hen  
 What wold she giue to get that fowle  
 againe



Rob: Hearicke.



*TWELFE NIGHT, or KING AND QUEENE.*

*N*OW, now the mirth comes  
With the cake full of plums,  
Where Beane's the *King* of the sport here ;  
Beside we must know,  
The Pea also  
Must revell, as *Queene*, in the Court here.

Begin then to chuse,  
(This night as ye use)  
Who shall for the present delight here,  
Be a *King* by the lot,  
And who shall not  
Be Twelfe-day *Queene* for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make,  
Joy-sops with the cake ;  
And let not a man then be seen here,  
Who unurg'd will not drinke  
To the base from the brink  
A health to the King and the *Queene* here.

Next crowne the bowle full  
With gentle lambs-wooll ;  
Adde sugar, nutmeg and ginger,  
With store of ale too ;  
And thus ye must doe  
To make the wassaile a swinger.

Give then to the King  
And *Queene* wassailing ;  
And though with ale ye be whet here ;  
Yet part ye from hence,  
As free from offence,  
As when ye innocent met here.

*CONTENT, NOT CATES.*

*T*<sup>H</sup>*IS* not the food, but the content  
That makes the Tables merriment.  
Where Trouble serves the board, we eate  
The Platters there, as soone as meat.  
A little Pipkin with a bit  
Of Mutton, or of Veale in it,  
Set on my Table, (Trouble-free)  
More then a Feast contenteth me.

*JACK AND JILL.*

*S*<sup>INCE</sup> *Jack* and *Jill* both wicked be ;  
It seems a wonder unto me,  
That they no better do agree.

*HIS COMFORT.*

*T*<sup>H</sup>*IS* only comfort of my life  
Is that I never yet had wife ;  
Nor will hereafter ; since I know  
Who Weds, ore-buys his weal with woe.

*UPON TAP.*

*T*<sup>AP</sup> (better known than trusted) as we heare  
Sold his old Mothers Spectacles for Beere :  
And not unlikely ; rather too then fail,  
He'l sell her Eyes, and Nose, for Beere and Ale.



## Vpon Tap



Tap (better known than invited) as we heare,  
Sold his old Mother's spectacles for beere:  
And not vnlikely; rather too than fail,  
He'll sell her Eyes and Nose for Beer and Ale.







*TO ANTHEA.*

*ANTHEA* I am going hence  
With some small stock of innocence :  
But yet those blessed gates I see  
Withstanding entrance unto me,  
To pray for me doe thou begin,  
The Porter then will let me in.

*HIS WISH TO PRIVACIE.*

*GIVE* me a Cell  
To dwell,  
Where no foot hath  
A path :  
There will I spend,  
And end  
My wearied yeares  
In teares.

*UPON SPUR.*

**S***PUR* jingles now, and sweares by no meane oathes,  
He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay cloathes :  
Most like his Suite, and all commend the Trim ;  
And thus they praise the Sumpter ; but not him :  
As to the Goddess, people did conferre  
Worship, and not to'th' Asse that carried her.

*TO HIS BOOKS.*

**T***AK* mine advise, and go not neere  
Those faces (sower as Vineger.)  
For these, and Nobler numbers can  
Ne'r please the *supercillious* man.

*TO MY ILL READER.*

**T***HOU* say'st my lines are hard ;  
And I the truth will tell ;  
They are both hard, and marr'd,  
If thou not read'st them well.



Vpon Spvr. I

Spvr jingles nowe, and fwears by no mean oaths  
 He's double-honovr'd, since h'as got Gay Cloathes  
 Most like hys svite, and all commend the trim  
 And thys they praise the sumpter; bvt not him  
 As to the Goddesse people did conferre  
 Worshipp, and not to th' afre that carried her





TO DIANE ME.

SWEET, be not prond of those two eyes,  
Which Star-like sparkle in their skies :  
Nor be you proud, that you can see  
All hearts your captives ; yours, yet free :  
Be you not proud of that rich haire,  
Which wantons with the Love-sick aire :  
When as that *Rubie*, which you weare,  
Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,  
Will last to be a precious Stone,  
When all your world of Beautie's gone.

*UPON CUFFE. EPIG.*

*C*UFFE comes to Church much ; but he keeps his bed  
Those Sundayes onely, when as Briefs are read.  
This makes *Cuffe* dull ; and troubles him the most,  
Because he cannot sleep i'th'Church, free-cost.

*UPON THE DETRACTER.*

*I*ask't thee oft, what Poets thou hast read,  
And lik'st the best ? Still thou reply'st, The dead.  
I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be ;  
Then sure thou't like, or thou wilt envie me.

*TO A FRIEND.*

*L*OOKE in my Book, and herein see,  
Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me.  
We o're the tombes, and Fates shall flye ;  
While other generations dye.





### Vpon Cvffe

Cvffe comes to Church much; but  
he keeps his bed  
Those Sundayes onely, when as  
briefs are read.  
This makes Cvffe dill; and  
troubles him the most  
Because he cannot sleep i<sup>n</sup> Church,  
free-cost.



UPON A MAIDE.

**H**ERE she lyes (in Bed of Spice)  
Faire as *Eve* in Paradice :  
For her beauty it was such  
Poets co'd not praise too much.  
Virgins Come, and in a Ring  
Her supreamest *Requiem* sing ;  
Then depart, but see ye tread  
Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

**H**ERE a solemne *Fast* we keepe,  
While all beauty lyes asleep  
Husht be all things ; (no noyse here)  
But the toning of a teare :  
Or a sigh of such as bring  
Cowslips for her covering.



*TO HIS GIRLES WHO WOULD HAVE HIM  
SPORTFULL.*

*A*LCAS I can't, for tell me how  
Can I be gamesome (aged now)  
Besides ye see me daily grow  
Here Winter-like, to Frost and Snow.  
And I ere long, my Girles shall see,  
Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

*LYRICK FOR LEGACIES.*

*G*OLD I've none, for use or show,  
Neither Silver to bestow  
At my death ; but thus much know,  
That each Lyrick here shall be  
Of my love a Legacie,  
Left to all posterity.  
Gentle friends, then doe but please,  
To accept such coynes as these ;  
As my last Remembrances.



To his Girls who would have him Sportivll

Alas! I can't, for tell me how  
 Can I be gamefome, aged now;  
 Beside, ye see me daily grow  
 Here, winter-like, to frost and snow  
 And I ere long, my girls, shall see  
 Ye quake for cold to looke on me



*THE COMMING OF GOOD LUCK.*

**S**<sup>O</sup> Good-luck came, and on my roofe did light,  
Like noyse-lesse Snow ; or as the dew of night :  
Not all at once, but gently, as the trees  
Are, by the Sun-beams, tickel'd by degrees.

*THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE.*

**L**<sup>ET</sup> Kings Command, and doe the best they may.  
The saucie Subjects still will beare the sway.

*ILL GOVERNMENT.*

**P**<sup>REPOSTEROUS</sup> is that Government, (and rude)  
When Kings obey the wilder Multitude.

*LOSSE FROM THE LEAST.*

**G**<sup>REAT</sup> men by small meanes oft are overthrown :  
*He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.*

TO OENONE.

**W**<sup>HAT</sup> Conscience, say, is it in thee  
When I a Heart had one,  
To Take away that Heart from me,  
And to retain thy own ?

For shame or pitty now encline  
To play a loving part ;  
Either to send me kindly thine,  
Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both ; but if thou dost  
Resolve to part with neither ;  
Why ! yet to shew that thou art just,  
Take me and mine together.

THE BRIDE-CAKE.

**T**<sup>HIS</sup> day my *Julia* thou must make  
For Mistresse Bride, the wedding Cake :  
Knead but the Dow and it will be  
To paste of Almonds turn'd by thee :  
Or kisse it thou, but once, or twice,  
And for the Bride-Cake ther'l be Spice.





### The Bride-Cake

This day, my Julia thou must make  
For mistress' bride the wedding-cake  
Knead but the dow and it will be  
To paste of almonds turn'd by thee  
Or kiss it thou but once or twice  
And for the bride-cake there'll be spice





HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS.

**I** Send, I send here my supremest kiss  
To thee my *silver-footed Thamasis*.  
No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,  
Whereon so many Stately Structures stand :  
Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,  
To bath in thee (as thousand others doe.)  
No more shall I a long thy christall glide,  
In Barge (with boughes and rushes beautif'd)  
With soft smooth Virgins (for our chast disport)  
To *Richmond, Kingstone*, and to *Hampton-Court*:  
Never againe shall I with Finnie-Ore  
Put from, or draw unto the faithfull shore :  
And Landing here, or safely Landing there,  
Make my way to my *Beloved Westminster* :  
Or to the *Golden-cheap-side*, where the earth  
Of *Julia Herrick* gave to me my Birth.  
May all clean *Nymphs* and curious water Dames,  
With Swan-like-state, flote up & down thy streams:  
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall  
To make them Leane, and languishing at all.  
No ruffling winds come hither to discease  
Thy pure, and *Silver-wristed Naides*.  
Keep up your state ye streams ; and as ye spring,  
Never make sick your Banks by surfeiting.  
Grow young with Tydes, and though I see ye never,  
Receive this vow, *so fare-ye-well for ever*.

*CHERRIE-RIPES.*

**C***HERRIE-RIPES*, Ripe, Ripe, I cry,  
Full and faire ones ; come and buy :  
If so be, you ask me where  
They doe grow ? I answer, There,  
Where my *Julia's* lips doe smile ;  
There's the Land, or Cherry-Ile :  
Whose Plantations fully show  
All the yeere, where Cherries grow.

*HOW PANSIES OR HEATS-EASE  
CAME FIRST.*

**F***ROLLICK* Virgins once these were,  
Over-loving, (living here :)  
Being here their ends deny'd  
Ranne for Sweet-hearts mad, and dy'd.  
Love in pitie of their teares,  
And their losse in blooming yeares ;  
For their restlesse here-spent houres,  
Gave them *Hearts-ease* turn'd to Flow'rs.

How Heartsease came First.



Troilick Virgins once these were  
Over-loving, living here  
Being here their ends denyd  
Ranne for sweethearts mad's ayd,  
Love in pittie of their care,  
And their lesse in blooming yeares  
For their resolute here spent houre  
Gave them Heartsease turned  
to flower.

Rob. Herrick



TO ROBIN RED-BREAST.

**L** AID out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be  
With leaves and mosse-work for to cover me:  
And while the Wood-nymphs my cold corps inter,  
Sing thou my Dirge, sweet-warbling Chorister !  
For Epitaph, in Foliage, next write this,  
*Here, here the Tomb of Robin Herrick is.*

THE SADNESSE OF THINGS FOR SAPHO'S  
SICKNESSE

**L** ILLIES will languish ; Violets look ill ;  
Sickly the Prim-rose : Pale the Daffadill :  
That gallant Tulip will hang down his head,  
Like to a Virgin newly ravished.  
Pansies will weep ; and Marygolds will wither ;  
And keep a Fast, and Funerall together,  
If *Sapho* droop ; Daisies will open never,  
But bid Good-night, and close their lids for ever.



TO CARNATIONS. A SONG.

**S**TAY while ye will, or goe ;  
And leave no scent behind ye :  
Yet trust me ; I shall know  
The place, where I may find ye.

Within my *Lucia's* cheek,  
(Whose Livery ye weare)  
Play ye at *Hide* or *Seck*,  
I'm sure to find ye there.

TO SAPHO.

**S**APHO, I will chuse to go  
Where the Northern winds do blow  
Endlesse Ice, and endlesse Snow :  
Rather then I wonce wo'd see,  
But a Winters face in thee,  
To bennumme my hopes and me.

ON CHLORIS WALKING IN THE SNOW.

**I**saw faire *Chloris* walke alone,  
When feather'd raine came softly down,  
Then *Jove* descended from his Tower,  
To court her in a silver shower,  
The wanton snow flew to her brest,  
Like little birds into their nest ;  
But overcome with whitenes there,  
For greife it thaw'd into a teare,  
Then falling down her garment hem,  
To deck her, froze into a gem.



On Chloris Walkinge in y<sup>e</sup> Snowe



I Saw faire Chloris walke alone  
When feather'd raine came softly downe,  
Then Ioue descended from his tower  
To covrt Her in a silver shower.  
The Wanton snowe flew to her brest  
Like little birds into their nest;  
But overcome with whitenes there,  
For Griefe it thawed into a Teare,  
Then falling down her Garment hein  
To decke her, froze into a gem.

R. Herrick.



HOW ROSES CAME RED.

**R**OSES at first were white,  
Till they co'd not agree,  
Whether my *Sapho's* breast,  
Or they more white sho'd be.

But being vanquisht quite,  
A blush their cheeks bespred ;  
Since which (beleever the rest)  
The *Roses* first came red.

HOW VIOLETS CAME BLEW.

**L**OVE on a day (wise Poets tell)  
Some time in wrangling spent,  
Whether the Violets sho'd excell,  
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But *Venus* having lost the day,  
Poore Girles, she fell on you ;  
And beat ye so, (as some dare say)  
Her blowes did make ye blew.



TO *PANSIES*.

*A*<sup>H</sup>! cruell Love ! must I endure  
Thy many scorns, and find no cure ?  
Say, are thy medicines made to be  
Helps to all others, but to me ?  
Ile leave thee, and to *Pansies* come ;  
Comforts you'll afford me some :  
You can ease my heart, and doe  
What Love co'd ne'r be brought unto.

ON *HIMSELF*.

*I*<sup>L</sup> write no more of Love ; but now repent  
Of all those times that I in it have spent.  
Ile write no more of life ; but wish twas ended,  
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

UPON *BLANCH*.

*B*<sup>L</sup>*ANCH* swears her Husband's lovely; when a scald  
Has blear'd his eyes : Besides, his head is bald.  
Next, his wilde eares, like Lethern wings full spread,  
Flutter to flie, and beare away his head.

Vpon Blanch



Blanch swears her Husbandr louly; when  
a scald  
Has blear'd his eyes; besides, his head is  
bald  
Next, his wilde Eares like Iethern wings  
full spread  
Flutter to flie and beare away his head





TO SYCAMORES.

**I**'M sick of Love ; O let me lie  
Under your shades, to sleep or die !  
Either is welcome ; so I have  
Or here my Bed, or here my Grave.  
Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep  
Time with the tears, that I do weep ?  
Say, have ye sence, or do you prove  
What *Crucifixions* are in Love ?  
I know ye do ; and that's the why,  
You sigh for Love, as well as I.

NO LUCK IN LOVE.

**I** doe love I know not what ;  
Sometimes this, & sometimes that :  
All conditions I aime at.

But, as lucklesse, I have yet  
Many shrewd disasters met,  
To gaine her whom I wo'd get.

Therefore now Ile love no more,  
As I've doted heretofore :  
He who must be, shall be poore.

TO CHERRY-BLOSSOMS.

**Y**e may simper, blush, and smile,  
And perfume the aire a while :  
But (sweet things) ye must be gone ;  
Fruit, ye know, is comming on :  
Then, Ah ! Then, where is your grace,  
When as Cherries come in place ?

TO HIS BOOKS.

**G**OE thou forth my booke, though late ;  
Yet be timely fortunate.  
It may chance good-luck may send  
Thee a kinsman, or a friend,  
That may harbour thee, when I,  
With my fates neglected lye.  
If thou know'st not where to dwell,  
See, the fier's by : *Farewell.*

TO HIS BOOKS.

**M**AKE haste away, and let one be  
A friendly Patron unto thee :  
Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lye  
Torn for the use of Pasterie ;  
Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,  
To make loose Gownes for Mackarell :  
Or see the Grocers in a trice,  
Make hoods of thee to serve out Spice.

THE COBLERS CATCH.

**C**OME sit we by the fires side ;  
And roundly drinke we here ;  
Till that we see our cheekes Ale-dy'd  
And noses tann'd with Beere.





### The Coblers Catch

Come Sit we by y<sup>e</sup> Fires side  
 And roundly Drinke wee here  
 Till that we see ovr Cheekes Ale-dyd  
 And Noses lannn with Beere.

R. Herrick



UPON A CHILD THAT DYED.

**H**ERE she lies, a pretty bud,  
Lately made of flesh and blood :  
Who, as soone, fell fast asleep,  
As her lirtle (*sic*) eyes did peep.  
Give her strewings ; but not stir  
The earth, that lightly covers her.

HOW MARIGOLD'S CAME YELLOW.

**J**EALOUS *Girles* these sometimes were,  
While they liv'd, or lasted here :  
Turn'd to *Flowers*, still they be  
Yellow, markt for Jealousie.

TO MISTRESSE DOROTHY PARSONS.

**I**F thou aske me (Deare) wherefore  
I do write of thee no more :  
I must answer (Sweet) thy part  
Lesse is here, then in my heart.

TO HIS NEPHEW TO BE PROSPEROUS IN  
HIS ART OF PAINTING.

O<sup>N</sup>, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get  
The Palme from *Urbini*, *Titian*, *Tintarret*,  
*Brugel*, and *Coxu*, and the workes out-doe,  
Of *Holben*, and That mighty *Ruben* too.  
So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,  
No, not the glory of the World, *Vandike*.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD DEMON.

W<sup>HAT</sup> can I do in Poetry,  
Now the good Spirit's gone from me ?  
Why nothing now, but lonely sit,  
And over-read what I have writ.

UPON FONE A SCHOOL-MASTER. EPIG.

F<sup>ONE</sup> sayes, those mighty whiskers he do's weare,  
Are twigs of Birch, and willow, growing there :  
If so, we'll think too, (when he do's condemne  
Boyes to the lash) that he do's whip with them.

Vpon Fone a School-master



Fone fayer those mighty whiskers he do's wear,  
Are twigs of birch, and willow, growing there:  
Is so, we'll think too, when he do's condemne  
Boyes to the lash, that he do's whip with them.



UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND  
ANSWER.

**I** Bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?  
*Ans.* Like, and dislike ye:  
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?  
*Ans.* Stroake ye to strike ye.  
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?  
*Ans.* Love will be-foole ye:  
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?  
*Ans.* Heate ye to coole ye:  
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?  
*Ans.* Love gifts will send ye:  
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?  
*Ans.* Stock ye to spend ye:  
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?  
*Ans.* Love will fulfill ye:  
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?  
*Ans.* Kisse ye, to kill ye.

TO MUSIQUE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER.

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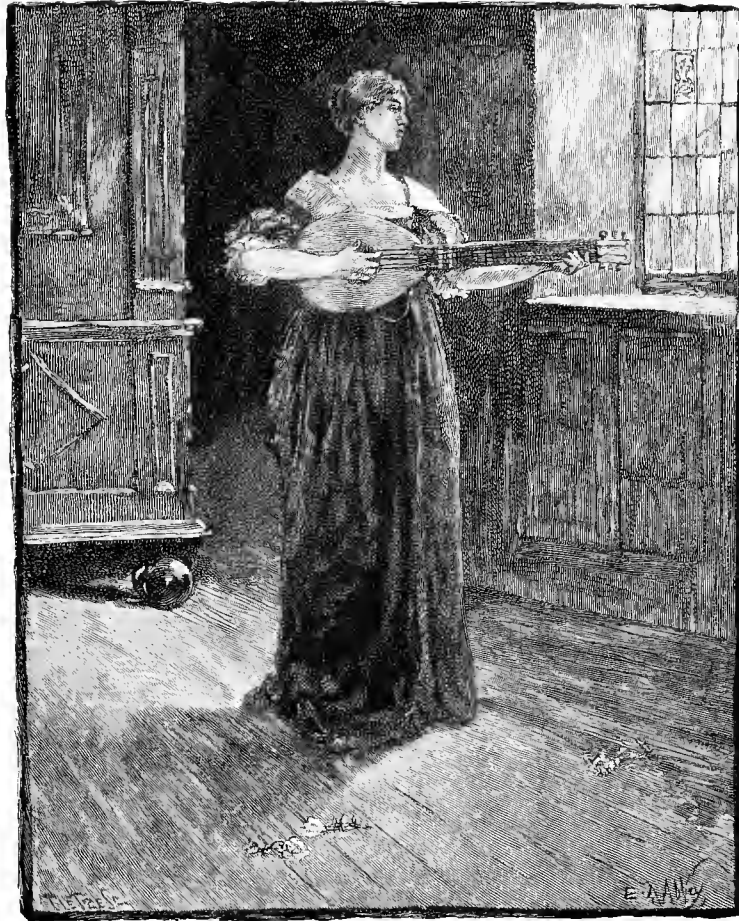
**C**HARME me asleep, and melt me so  
With thy Delicious Numbers;  
That being ravisht, hence I goe  
Away in easie slumbers.  
Ease my sick head,  
And make my bed,  
Thou

Thou Power that canst sever  
From me this ill:  
And quickly still:  
Though thou not kill  
My Fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
From a consuming fire,  
Into a gentle-licking flame,  
And make it thus expire.  
Then make me weep  
My paines asleep;  
And give me such repoes,  
That I, poore I,  
May think, thereby,  
I live, and die  
'Mongst Roses,

Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those Maiden showrs,  
Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew  
A Baptime o're the flowers.  
Melt, melt my paines  
With thy soft straines;  
That having ease me given,  
With full delight,  
I leave this light;  
And take my flight  
For Heaven.





TO MUSIQUE



## *Noble Numbers.*

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### *HIS CONFESSION.*

**L**OOK how our foule Dayes do exceed our faire ;  
And as our bad, more then our good Works are :  
Ev'n so those Lines; pen'd by my wanton Wit,  
Treble the number of these good I've writ.  
Things precious are least num'rous : Men are prone  
To do ten Bad, for one Good Action.

### *A CHRISTMAS CAROLL SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL.*

*Chor.* **W**HAT sweeter musick can we bring,  
Then a Caroll, for to sing  
The Birth of this our heavenly King ?  
Awake the Voice ! Awake the String !  
Heart, Eare, and Eye, and every thing  
Awake ! the while the active Finger  
Runs division with the Singer.

*From the Flourish they came to the Song.*

I Dark and dull night, flie hence away,  
And give the honour to this Day,  
That sees *December* turn'd to *May*.

If

- 2 If we may ask the reason, say ;  
The why, and wherefore all things here  
Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere ?
- 3 Why do's the chilling Winters morne  
Smile, like a field beset with corne ?  
Or smell, like to a Meade new-shorne,  
Thus, on the sudden ? 4. Come and see  
The cause, why things thus fragrant be :  
'Tis He is borne, whose quickning Birth  
Gives life and luster, publike mirth,  
To Heaven, and the under-Earth.

*Chor.* We see Him come, and know him ours,  
Who with His Sun-shine and His showers  
Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

- 1 The Darling of the world is come,  
And fit it is, we finde a roome  
To welcome Him. The nobler part  
Of all the house here, is the heart,

*Chor.* Which we will give Him ; and bequeath  
This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath,  
To do Him honour ; who's our King,  
Ann Lord of all this Revelling.

*The Muscalle Part was composed by*  
M. Henry Lawes.

### ETERNITIE.

**O** Yeares ! and Age ! Farewell ;  
Behold I go,  
Where I do know  
Infinitie to dwell.

And

# ETERNITY



Years! & Age! far-  
 Behold I goe,  
 Where I do know  
 Infinite to dwell.

And these mine Eyes shall see  
 All Times, how they  
 Are lost i' th' Sea  
 Of vast Eternitie

O how  
 Where never Moone shall  
 The Starres, by the  
 And Night, shall be  
 Drown'd in one Endles Day  
 Henry





And these mine eyes shall see  
All times, how they  
Are lost i'th'Sea  
Of vast Eternitie.

Where never Moone shall sway  
The Starres ; but she,  
And Night, shall be  
Drown'd in one endlesse Day.

*COCK-CROW.*

*B*ELL-MAN of Night, if I about shall go  
For to denie my Master, do thou crow.  
Thou stop'st S. *Peter* in the midst of sin ;  
Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin ;  
Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun  
A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

*THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.*

*T*HOU hast made many Houses for the Dead ;  
When my Lot calls me to be buried,  
For Love or Pittie, prethee let there be  
I'th' Church-yard; made, one Tenement for me.

*TEMPTATION.*

*T*HOSE Saints, which God loves best,  
The Devill tempts not least.



### THE ROSE.

**B**EFORE Mans fall, the Rose was born  
 (S. *Ambrose* sayes) without the Thorn :  
 But, for Mans fault, then was the Thorn,  
 Without the fragrant Rose-bud, born ;  
 But ne're the Rose without the Thorn.

### AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

**I**N Numbers, and but these few,  
 I sing Thy Birth, Oh JESU !  
 Thou prettie Babie, borne here,  
 With sup'rabundant scorn here :  
 Who for Thy Princely Port here,  
     Hadst for Thy place  
     Of Birth, a base  
 Out-stable for thy Court here.

Instead of neat Inclosures  
 Of inter-woven Osiers ;  
 Instead of fragrant Posies  
 Of Daffadills, and Roses;  
 Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,  
     As Gospell tells,  
     Was nothing els.  
 But, here, a homely manger.

But







But we with Silks, (not Cruells)  
With sundry precious Jewells,  
And Lilly-work will dresse Thee ;  
And as we dispossesse thee  
Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,  
Sweet Babe, for Thee,  
Of Ivorie,  
And plaister'd round with Amber.

The Jewes they did disdaine Thee,  
But we will entertaine Thee  
With Glories to await here  
Upon Thy Princely State here,  
And, more for love, then pittie.  
From yeere to yeere  
Wee'l make Thee, here,  
A Free-born of our Citie.

*A GRACE FOR A CHILD.*

**H**ERE a little child I stand,  
Heaving up my either hand ;  
Cold as paddocks though they be,  
Here I lift them up to Thee,  
For a benizon to fall  
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

*UPON TEARES.*

**T**EARES, though th'are here below the sinners brine,  
Above they are the Angels spiced wine.

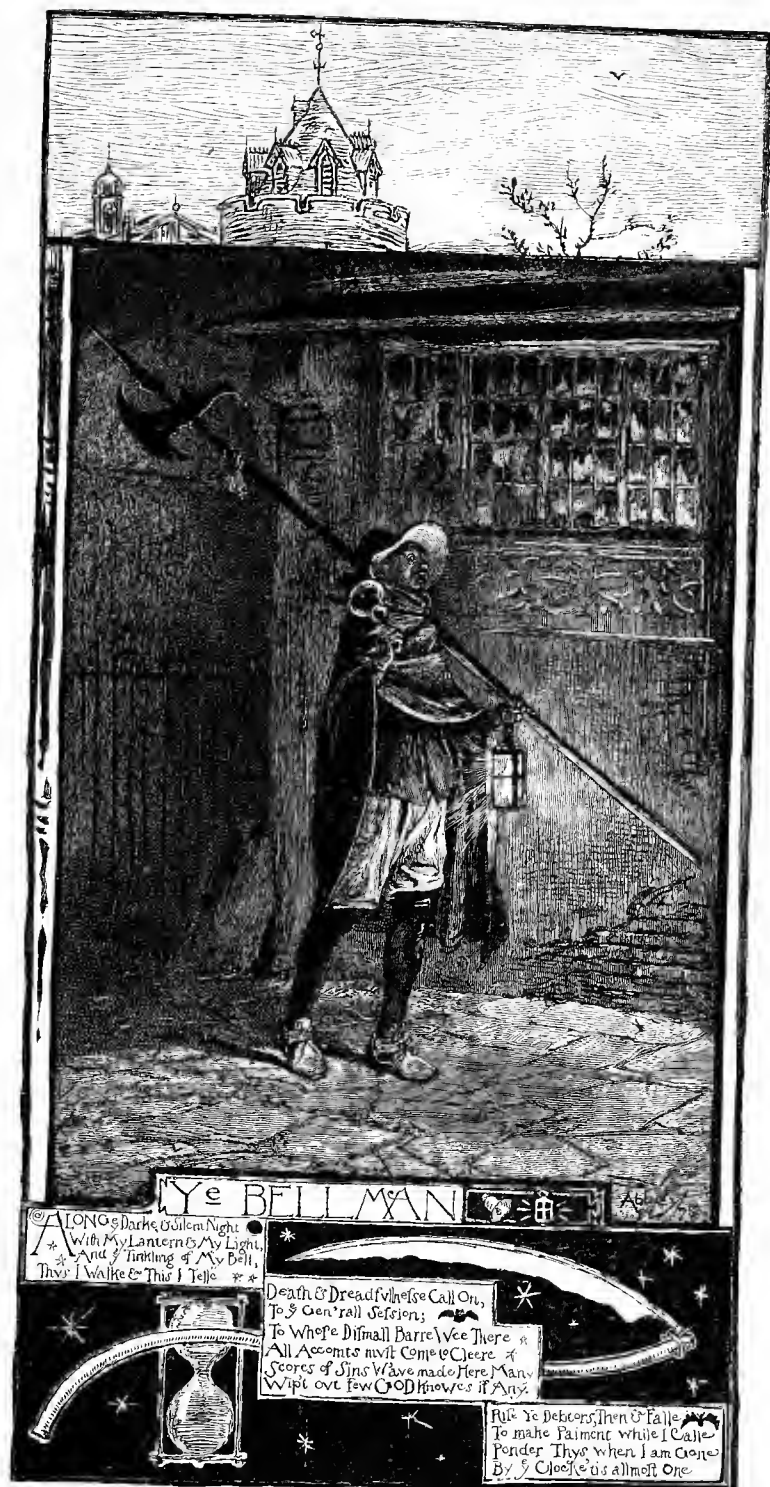
THE BELL-MAN.

*A*LONG the dark, and silent night,  
With my Lantern, and my Light,  
And the trinkling of my Bell,  
Thus I walk, and this I tell :  
Death and dreadfulness call on,  
To the gen'rall Session ;  
To whose dismall Barre, we there  
All accompts must come to cleere :  
Scores of sins w'ave made here many,  
Wip't out few, (God knowes) if any.  
Rise ye Debtors then, and fall  
To make paiment, while I call.  
Ponder this, when I am gone ;  
By the clock 'tis almost *One*.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

*I*S this a Fast, to keep  
The Larder leane ?  
And cleane  
From fat of Veales, and Sheep ?  
Is it to quit the dish  
Of Flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with Fish ?  
Is it to fast an houre,  
Or rag'd to go,  
Or show  
A down-cast look, and sowre ?

No :





No : 'tis a Fast, to dole  
                             Thy sheaf of wheat,  
   And meat.  
 Unto the hungry Soule.  
 It is to fast from strife,  
                             From old debate,  
   And hate ;  
 To circumsise thy life.  
 To shew a heart grief-rent ;  
                             To sterve thy sin,  
   Not Bin ;  
 And that's to keep thy Lent.

*CLOATHS FOR CONTINUANCE.*

**T**HOSE Garments lasting evermore,  
 Are works of mercy to the poore,  
 Which neither Tettar, Time, or Moth  
 Shall fray that silke, or fret this cloth.





*To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't  
Focond his Muse was ; but his Life was chaste.*















